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THE SUN.

BY FERN LODGE.

WHEN we contemplate the beauties of the natural world, we do not often realize what a wonderful object is the Sun, and how manifold are the kindly offices it constantly performs for us. From an inconceivable distance in space truly it rules the earth, imparting to it light, heat, and other subtle influences, and rendering it a possible abode for countless forms of life. The ancients were right in placing it foremost amongst the grand objects of creation, and we can hardly wonder that it was early chosen by idolatrous nations as an object of worship.

Of its size and distance the first astronomers had no true conception. Anaxagoras, who lived 490 years before Christ, claimed that it was as large as the whole territory of Greece, for which he was heartily laughed at. In later times, Leonard Digges, a quaint English philosopher of the sixteenth century, estimated its distance at 64,811½ miles, which is, in reality, barely a fourth of the distance to the Moon! At the present day we smile at such guesses, knowing that the Grecian peninsula would, if laid on the Sun, be absolutely invisible when looked at through our largest telescopes, and that, as regards the distance of the great orb of day, our friend Digges does not give us a thousandth part of the truth.

If we attempt to obtain a conception of the vast magnitude of the Sun, we find ourselves thoroughly bewildered. Were we at its centre, our Moon would revolve in its orbit but little more than *half way to the Sun's surface*. If it were a hollow sphere, there would be sufficient

room to accommodate more than 1,200,000 balls the size of our planet. The earth is a mere homœopathic pill in comparison with such a body; and if projected on its bright disk, would, from our orbit, be absolutely invisible to the naked eye. Illustrations like these do little more than show that by no effort of the imagination can we obtain a satisfactory idea of the gigantic proportions of the nearest fixed star, — our Sun.

When viewed with a small telescope, care being taken to shield the eye with dark colored glass, dusky spots are often detected on the solar disk. At the present time they may be seen with the veriest toy spy-glasses, and I have frequently so seen them when, without such modest assistance, they could not be detected. As the next two or three years will be rich in sun-spots, our young readers will have ample time to try their hands in this department of astronomical science. Either a spy-glass, or opera-glass, will answer; and if colored glass is not at hand, an ordinary piece, smoked in a candle-flame, will do very well. You must not, however, give up the search, if at first unsuccessful, for the curious blotches are constantly coming and going, and sometimes appear quite suddenly on the disk. They pass slowly across from the eastern to the western side in about fourteen days, not, however, owing to their own motion, but because of the Sun's rotation. Should a group continue in existence so long, it would reappear on the eastern edge after the lapse of another two weeks, but this does not often happen. It is by means of

observations of this kind, made through a long series of years, that the time of revolution of the Sun upon its axis has been ascertained as twenty-seven and a quarter of our days.

Astronomers describe sun-spots as consisting of three distinct parts; the penumbra, or "*almost-shadow*," the umbra, and the nucleus. The *penumbra* consists of a grayish appearance, not unlike a dark cloud, which encircles the black centre, like the fringe to a mat. It is the most conspicuous portion of the phenomenon, and from its varying character possesses the chief interest. It is most frequently made up of long, thin wisps of cloudy matter, extending inwards to the centre of the spot.

A spot of great interest, which was seen on the 14th of August, 1868, is here pictured, and

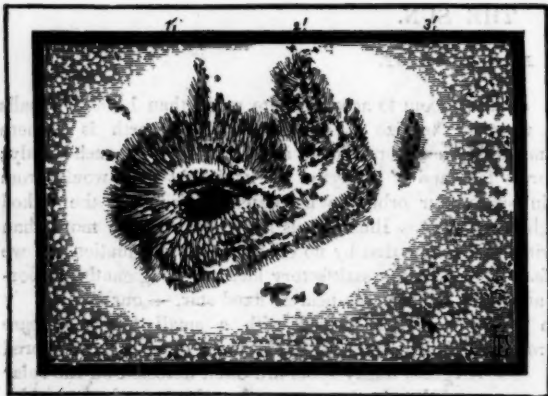
telescope is a large one, and in good working order, the atmosphere clear and still, and the observer's vision acute. In the lower part of the oval umbra of the above sketch are seen two nuclei, though in the upper half of the area no nucleus appears. This portion of a spot is generally the first in forming, and the last to disappear, and would seem to be the originating cause of the entire phenomenon. The white clouds which float about in the cavity often assume a beautiful rose-tint, in crossing the black centre. Possibly they are of the same nature as the so-called red prominences seen during a total eclipse of the Sun, of which more anon.

One of the most interesting features of the Sun's surface is the delicate mottling which may almost at any time be detected, if the atmosphere

is moderately free from vibrations, and the telescope a good one. To see it satisfactorily, an instrument, in which the principal lens measures two or three inches across, is necessary. We may compare this mottling to the appearance of tissue paper held up to the light; or better still, to the tufted surface of light gray chinchilla cloth, such as is used for heavy winter overcoats. But best of all, we may liken it to the snow-white ends of coral branches, as seen in the specimen pictured on the opposite page, which was taken from the Natural History Collection at Williams College, Mass., and photographed for the purpose of illustrating this article. Held at arm's length and viewed with eyes partially closed, the picture gives a tolerable idea, though on an enlarged

scale, of the appearance of the solar mottling as seen in the largest telescopes.

Though the bright dotting of the solar disk is never quite so distinct as are the oval tips of the pretty coral, of which we have here a picture, there is, nevertheless, a noteworthy similarity in the general arrangement of the bright points in both cases. Here and there dark points are seen amongst the white branches of the coral. In the case of the solar surface, we have similar black specks, which are occasionally seen to collect in a certain locality, and form the nucleus of a large spot. The mottling of the Sun would seem to vary considerably in appearance from time to time; sometimes resembling a sky covered with mackerel clouds, and then again presenting the



Sun spot of August 14, 1868, as seen at 3.15 P. M., N. Y. Mean Time, in an 8-inch glass.

will serve to illustrate the different parts already referred to. The wispy structure of the penumbra is readily detected, while on the southern side of the vast depression,—for a depression of many thousand miles the penumbra actually is,—a closely packed battalion of white, rice-shaped dots appears to be crowding the edge of the sombre centre. As is often the case with large spots, a long straggling line of smaller ones trails after the most conspicuous member of the group. The dark abyss, over which floats a thin white cloud, is sufficiently capacious to allow of the earth being dropped through without touching either shore of the penumbra.

The *nucleus* is but a darker part of the already deep brown, or black umbra. It is only seen under favorable circumstances; as when the

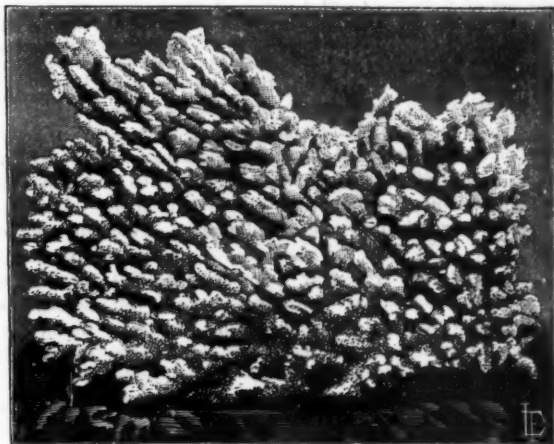
compact and well defined arrangement of the coral tips.

Let us consider for a moment what happens in the case of the union of little black points alluded to. The bright envelope called the *photosphere*,—which is what we see when we look at the Sun,—is evidently pierced in some unaccountable manner; and the rent growing larger and larger, a deep cavity in the luminous covering ensues, and the penumbra is formed. Should the cause of the phenomenon prove sufficiently violent, the true body of the Sun is then seen through rifts in the cloudy strata. But instead of being white,—dazzlingly so we should expect to find it,—it has a dark brown tint. This is, however, an effect of contrast, just as coal-fires look dull in sunlight, and the calcium light positively black, if placed between our eyes and the Sun. The central mass supplies the materials for the illumination, but is not as bright as the dazzling light it produces, any more than in the case of a candle, the intensely hot and luminous gases enveloping the glowing wick, give out light equal to the upper portion of the flame, where combustion is perfect. Thus a sun-spot is by some considered as a tearing aside of the long flames issuing from the liquid or gaseous sea beneath, revealing the less brilliant lower strata of flame (to our view the penumbra), and the still less luminous body of the Sun itself, the latter appearing as the umbra, with or without a nucleus, as the case may be.

The materials of our Sun are, doubtless, capable of producing greater heat, pound for pound, than the substances usually employed by us for the same purpose. Recent researches in chemistry would seem to point to a more elementary condition of matter in the stars and nebulae, than any with which we are acquainted on the earth. Who can say but that the production of our terrestrial elements was accompanied by displays of light and heat similar in intensity to those now witnessed in the Sun and stars. This theory has great support in the constantly accumulating facts which the spectroscope is bringing to our attention.

One of the most impressive sights which ever falls to the lot of man to witness, is that of a total eclipse of the Sun. Such an event is com-

paratively rare for any one part of the earth's surface, so that one may live to a good old age, and die without having witnessed such a phenomenon. In London, for instance, there has been no total eclipse since the year 1715; and more than five and a half centuries had then elapsed since the previous one. The characteristic features of such an occurrence are the following: the peculiar gloom which spreads itself, like a pall, over the landscape; the changing tints of the sky, black, orange, indigo, red, sickly yellow, and leaden hues appearing at one and the same time, in different portions of the heavens; the awful approach of the Moon's shadow in the air; and lastly, the magnificent circle of light around the eclipsed Sun, called the *corona*, which is compared to the "glory" around the head of a saint,



Madrepora Spicifera,—an East Indian Variety of Coral.

in an old painting. We might add to these the rosy flames frequently seen issuing from the dark limb of the moon, but in reality connected with the solar atmosphere. These flames are often to be seen with the naked eye. During the past year they have been analyzed by the spectroscope, and found to be masses of self-luminous hydrogen. Finally, the larger planets, and some of the principal stars, are occasionally recognized by acute observers during the period of totality, as the gloomiest part of the eclipse is called.

The page-illustration fronting our article represents the positions of the planets Saturn, Mars, Venus, and Mercury, with reference to the Sun on the occasion of the total eclipse of August 7th, of the present year, which will extend over a large belt of country in our own United States.

A low arch of stars spans the sky from left to right, marking out the Ecliptic, or pathway of the Sun. To the right of the centre of the picture we have the dark disk of the Moon eclipsing the Sun, around which extends the corona, which is nothing more than the atmosphere of the Sun, rendered visible by the absence of the overpowering solar rays. Let us name the stars, commencing on the left. Above a tall poplar we have Saturn; then Spica, the principal star in Virgo; then Mars, Venus, and Regulus. After Regulus comes the eclipsed Sun itself, and about five degrees to the right the little twinkler Mercury. On the extreme right are seen the Twins, — Pollux and Castor. Low down, near the horizon, and just above the dark group of trees, is Procyon, of the constellation Canis Minor, — the Lesser Dog. Arcturus appears high in the sky, above and to the left of Spica, and will be one of the easiest fixed stars to detect.

By familiarizing yourselves with the positions of the objects given in the picture, those of you who live within the belt of country now to be described, may possibly be able to recognize several of the planets; and, if your eyesight is very good, several of the stars as well. It would be a wonderful thing to tell your children in after years, that you had seen stars and planets in the day-time.

In order that you may know whether this wonderful sight is to be witnessed where you live, I have prepared the following list of towns along the central line of the eclipse, from Iowa

to North Carolina. Connecting the points on your map with a pencil line, and measuring ninety miles on each side of such a line, you will include a belt of country of about one hundred and eighty miles in width, within which the grand sight will be visible. The approximate times of the commencement of the total obscuration are given after each locality. Along this central line the duration of the total eclipse will be three minutes.

	h. m.
Boonesboro', Moingona,	Iowa 4 41
Fairfield,	" 4 50
Fort Madison,	" 4 53
Colchester,	Illinois 4 55
Springfield,	" 5 0
Shelbyville,	" 5 4
Wabash River, 20 miles North of Vincennes,	Indiana 5 10
Washington,	" 5 12
Corydon,	" 5 17
Shepardsville,	Kentucky 5 19
Manchester,	" 5 29
Half-way between Abingdon and Estellville,	Virginia 5 35
Half-way between Taylorsville and Blountsville,	Tennessee 5 37
Wilkesboro',	N. Carolina 5 40
Fayetteville, Manchester,	" 5 52
Brown's Inlet, Onslow County	" 5 58

We would refer our young readers who desire to make further study of this unusual event, to the interesting article on the subject in the "Atlantic Almanac for 1869." The charming little work of Mr. Lockyer, entitled "Elements of Astronomy," * published by Macmillan & Co., London, will also have interest in the same connection, besides furnishing data regarding the wonderful discoveries of late years in stellar and terrestrial chemistry.

WHITE AND RED.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK or more went by before Little Thunder returned. The candles were burned, every one of them, and no more to be had. Mamma tried to get a little tallow from some of the Indians who had brought up the last ox from Turtle River, thinking that a tallow candle would be far better than no light at all; but tallow had been eaten by them with just as much relish as any other part, and not an ounce remained for candle or anything else. So all necessary work was done by daylight; and the evening, which began at four in the afternoon, was given up in great part to the children, six or eight of whom

they had begun to teach their letters, hoping that by and by these might learn to read.

Dr. Prescott had brought up some primers, but his Ojibway books were the Testament and a small hymn-book only, as these are the only books of their language in print. The feeling against learning English seemed to be just as strong with the children as with the parents; and though Nahgouasake would sometimes repeat an English word, she colored after doing it, and all the other children laughed. Even the little Campbells seemed ashamed of what they knew, and spoke Ojibway altogether, when not with their father. Mrs. Campbell, too, though she un-

* *Elements of Astronomy* can be procured of D. Van Nostrand 23 Murray Street, New York, or through any bookseller.

derstood all that was said to her in English, spoke nothing but her own language. She wore the dress of a white woman, and was neat in her ways, but in all other points she was thoroughly Indian; and the children, growing up more under her influence than that of the father, would, if they remained here, have less and less in common with the whites. The farmer himself was anxious they should learn to read, and talked now and then of "going below," where his children might attend school; but long years among this wild people had unfitted him for any other life. He had had a tolerable education, and seemed capable of filling a far better position than the one he occupied, and Mrs. Prescott often wondered how he could have separated himself so completely from his own people. Aiken, who came over often from the trading-post to see them, explained the reason one evening.

"I tell you, ma'am," he said, "we're all savages the wust kind down at the bottom. There ain't a man with any grit to him, — I don't care if he's got D. D. and all the other D's tacked to his name, an' stan's in books up to his neck, — but what, if you'd take him an' set him down plump long with a tribe o' Injins, so't he couldn't get away, would take to huntin' an' fishin' for a livin', as nat'ral as a fish takes to water; an' what's more, wouldn't give it up, either, if he had a chance. You look at Daniel Boone, an' all the rest o' them sort, straight through. They could n't be white folks, to save their lives. Natur was too strong. I tell you, men is nat'rally savages. This boy'll be one, ef you don't look out."

"No I won't," Harry cried. "I'll go home fast as I can, when we've stayed long enough."

"That's it," Aiken went on. "Maybe you'll find there ain't no such thing as stayin' long enough. Now, there's old Hugh; been up in this country hard on fifteen year, movin' on, movin' on, to get out o' the way o' white folks. He says there's too many here now, an' he'll have to go off to Devil's Lake, or White Earth, maybe. Madder'n hops, he is, at the Pacific Railroad. Says there won't be a spot, pretty soon, where a man can be alone ef he's a mind to. He's like all the rest that comes here; got an old mother to home, an' relations round in one place an' another, an' he don't write a word to one on 'em. Might as well be dead, for all they know about him. There's just Injin blood enough in me to keep me goin'; an' go I shall, till I die."

"You're sort of black," said Harry, "but you've got blue eyes and curly hair; that doesn't look much like an Indian."

"That's so," Aiken replied. "This is the way it is: my father was a Scotchman, a trader for the Northwest Company, over to Lake Superior; he was blue-eyed an' red-headed. My mother was a 'bois brulé,' an' I was raised mostly by a Yankee."

"What is a 'bois brulé?'" Mrs. Prescott asked.

"French and Injin mixed; half-breed, you know. 'Burnt-wood,' the words is. They called 'em so, for their skins was darker'n an Injin's, without that kind o' reddish look to 'em. I talked Chippewa to my mother, an' Scotch English to my father, an' French to my grandfather. We lived at La Pointe, an island in the lake, you know. My mother died when I warn't over three, an' my father right after; an' then a Yankee, from Maine, took a fancy to me, an' said he'd see after me. So you see I learned Yankee o' him, for talk Chippewa he wouldn't; and between Spanish I learned down on the Isthmus, an' forty 'leven lingos from the natives, my tongue gets so tied up I don't know what I am; Yankee, mostly, I guess. It paid to hold on to that, for it got me good berths when I wanted 'em; an' many a one has said they'd take me to be straight from Maine. I'm obleeged to that man, for though he got plenty o' pay out o' me, yet ef it hadn't been for him, I might 'a been a 'coureur du bois' this minute."

"What's that?" Harry asked.

"A fellow that's always paddlin' a canoe; an' when he ain't doin' that, carries 'pieces.'"

"'Pieces,'" repeated Harry, puzzled. "Pieces of what?"

"I may as well tell you from the beginning," Aiken said, laughing, "or else you'll have to ask questions all night. La Pointe is in the lake, I told you; an' there's a trading post, an' mission there. It's easy enough gettin' at through Mackinaw. Now there's steamboats running all the time; but thirty years ago we went by canoe or bateaux, and there wasn't any other way. I was about nine then, but could go all day, just like an Injin; an' the man I was with got tired o' La Pointe. I was going to Mr. Ayre's school, for he'd just come there then for missionary; but we started right off for Lac du Flambeau, just as I'd begun to read pretty easy, an' that's the last schoolin' I've had to this day, though I did pick up writin', an' some figgers, as I went along, an' made use of 'em."

"Well, this man was goin' to trade at Lac du Flambeau, an' took goods along. We had one bateau an' two canoes, an' about fifteen, all told,

went along; eight to row the bateau, an' the rest for canoe an' loose work. Two was Injins; then me an' the man, — Preston his name was, — an' eleven 'coureurs du bois.' The bateau I see you want to know about. That was a light-built boat, forty feet long, an' ten or twelve wide, maybe, in the middle. Our'n held five tons, easy. We had grub for a year, an' all the goods, powder an' the like, that would be wanted. When we got to Forty-five Mile Portage, that's between Montreal River and Portage Lake, I took my

an' salt, an' pork, — all the 'bacca, an' powder'n shot, everything you want to eat or to sell, just had to be taken over on men's backs. The furs, too, all went jest so. The fur company at Mackinaw'd send out their runners to buy up the furs; an' they'd go all through the country, where there weren't no reg'lar trading-posts, sometimes on water, sometimes on land, hundreds o' miles. We got all our goods at Mackinaw, took 'em through the lake to Montreal River, an' then you go up that to the first portage.

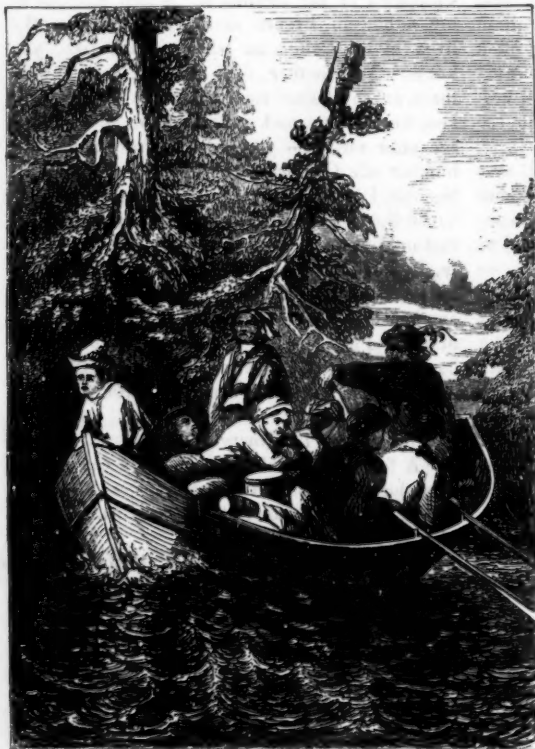
"When you get there, everything's put up into packs an' bales, handy for carryin', eighty pound weight about, to each, an' each one o' them packs is a 'piece.' They put a barrel o' flour into two bags, an' one o' them's a 'piece.' So's a keg o' pork or gunpowder; an' every man's expected to carry two o' them 'pieces' to once. He takes them Injin fashion: has a leather band to go over his head, — portage-collar they call it, — three inches wide, maybe, at the back, an' from this there's straps long enough to tie round the packs. Then he ties on his two pieces: hists up one, an' bends forrard a little, so't rests on his back an' hips mostly. It's easy enough then to pull up 't'other, an' lay it on top, an' off he goes on a jog trot; pretty fast, too. Each man has his share o' the load given him at the start, an' he's got to keep it all together. I mean, if a man's got ten pieces to take over the portage, — that's five loads, you know, — he'll carry the first load, half, or a third of a mile, maybe, an' then trot back for the next one, an' so on, till he's got 'em all together agin. There's what they call a hundred an' twenty-two 'poses' — that means stopping-places — on that portage, an' it takes nigh on four weeks to get across with much of a load.

first 'piece,' though really 'twarn't much more'n quarter of a 'piece.'

"You see that's all wild country, or 'twas then; no kind of road, only a trail made by the Injins an' coureurs du bois, goin' back an' forth. 'Long the lake shore, it's mostly sand an' rocks; but you get back a ways, an' there's hardwood enough to build boats for all creation. This fust portage was all timber; forty-five mile o' the thickest kind o' woods, an' every pound o' flour,

We was twenty-four days; an' after that there was two more portages; one a hundred rods long, maybe, an' the last one three miles.

"When I was at the lake there warn't much of a post there, but more'n two hundred o' these 'pieces' had to be brought over every year. I stayed there till I was pretty near eighteen, an' was as good a coureur as any of 'em. Then Preston died, an' left me his trade an' a good bit o' money. I had coureurs then o' my own; but



I've carried my 'pieces' year after year, sir, an' hard work though it is, I never had a sick day in my life, till I got the darned Isthmus fever. I've trotted over pretty much all this country, for goods had to come here just the same way, till three or four years ago, when this road was made. I've seen all kinds o' sights: fights between Sioux an' Ojibways; white folks scalped, an' the devil's own work goin' on in all ways. I was right in the midst, when the Sioux raid began in 1863, an' came nearer then losin' my scalp'n I ever did; but I got away. Me an' Hugh was together then. He learned me black-smithin'."

"O, tell all about the raid," said Harry.

"Not to-night," Aiken said. "I've talked enough for once; but I will, some day. There's yarns enough I might tell. I never thought much about 'em at the time, but there's lots that's asked me questions since then."

"How is it that you went to South America?" said Dr. Prescott. "I thought that those who have been brought up to this life seldom, if ever, left it."

"Well, I'll tell you. I told you I was 'coureur du bois' till I was eighteen or so; and the white people that came in as settlers always took me for one of the 'mangeurs de lard,' pork-eaters, you know. I mean a Canadian, tied up like all of 'em. You see the traders an' their clerks was the aristocracy of the country. French they mostly were, 'n some English or Scotch now an' then. The fur company had its head-quarters at Mackinaw, an' other trading-posts round in different places. Their men, the *coureurs du bois* I've been talkin' about, came mostly from Canada. They'd hire 'em for five years, an' agreed to give 'em five hundred livres a year, — that's about eighty-four dollars. They gave 'em an outfit every year, — two cotton shirts, a three-point blanket, a portage collar, an' pair o' shoes. Get 'em off in the Indian country, an' they had to buy their own moccasins, tobacco (for they can't do without that), an' everything else they needed, of the traders; an' they charged 'em any price they liked. So, you see, 'twas the trader's interest not to have him, he'd stay on all his life. The traders lived high often, but these fellers didn't have nothin' but hulled corn, an' some taller or pemmican in it for flavor. Once in a while they'd get a little salt or pork for it, but it

cost awful. They called 'em pork-eaters because they never had no time to hunt for better meat; an' as I was all the while with 'em, they called me that too, till I got to be trader myself. They did it then too, for they don't care for a trader that's come up from the ranks; and that's the reason I left, and sha'n't go back there no more, though things be different now. This is a good place, an' good Injins too. Ojibways is the best there are."

"Then you have not forgotten the language?"

"Cried in it afore I could speak," Aiken answered, "so I ain't likely to. I've always sort of held to it. You've picked it up pretty well, too, but I shouldn't wonder if I could help you."

"You could indeed," said Dr. Prescott. "We have no way of learning it, except word by word from the Indians; and you know English so well, you could translate it into Ojibway for us, and it would be the greatest help to talk with you, and have you correct us."

"Well," said Aiken, looking very much pleased, "traders generally are agin whites learning the language, for they think, you see, ef you know too much, you'll spile their trade; but I ain't one o' that sort, an' you're welcome to any help I've got to give."

So it happened that, three or four evenings in the week, Aiken came over; and though he knew nothing about grammar, still helped them in many ways; so that before the winter ended, though far enough from knowing Ojibway, they could easily make themselves understood, and were each day gaining more. Georgy and Fanny improved in their English, too, and the other children could read a very little in the Testament, and were delighted with all they learned. They could spell now, in three or four letters; and Mrs. Prescott began an experiment, which did not succeed so well as she had hoped.

Georgy had a slate which had been brought from Crow Wing. On this slate she made rough drawings of animals, and printing the *English* name in large letters underneath, had the children spell them. Sogette, the quickest of the scholars, generally led off. For instance, Mrs. Prescott, drawing a cat, would point to the name underneath, and say, "Wagonind?" (what is it?)

"C-a-t, *Meenoose*," Sogette would answer.

"C-a-t, *cat*," Mrs. Prescott would say. "Spell it together, children."

"C-a-t, *cat*," came from George and Fanny; but "C-a-t, *Meenoose*," from all the rest, till told they *must* speak the English word; when "C-a-t, *cat*," would be heard, almost whispered.

"Now, what is this?" Mrs. Prescott would go on, rubbing out the cat, and drawing an ox.

"O-x, *bezheekkee*," would sound; and then began the same trouble all over again.

"English has short, easy words," Mrs. Prescott would say, taking up a pin. "This is p-i-n, pin; but you say, 'ish to gou shar bo nee ken'" (needle with a head).

"Ojibway nisheshin; Shogenos ka win nisheshin" (Ojibway good; English not good), was always the answer, till mamma was almost discouraged, though she persevered in making them learn two or three English words every day. She could teach them to sew neatly, and to wash their faces; and as they were much interested in the pictures in "Harper's Weekly," and some other papers, she finally made seeing them the reward of all who had spelled and pronounced three English words, and who came looking tolerably neat. A tin pan was hung in the Indian room, and a coarse towel; and as most of them had no convenience for washing in the wigwams, they were, on the whole, rather pleased at doing it there, — above all as a piece of brown soap was given them, for this costs the Indians, as the traders sell it, seventy-five cents a small bar.

Josance had returned from his hunt, but was too well pleased at finding Sogette in such good quarters, to think of taking her away; and so she stayed on, tormenting and amusing them by turns. Little Thunder had come long before this, for 'twas now the middle of February; and though his train had proved to be not wide enough for the box of provisions, the kerosene had been safely brought, and they enjoyed the bright evenings all the better for having at one time been forced to depend on pine-knots. The keenest cold was past, for twenty below zero is warm for Red Lake; and four times, in the month of January, their spirit thermometer had fallen to from forty-five to fifty-four degrees below. The coldest winter for years, all said; and in the one mail which had come to them by one of the traders, since reaching there, the papers spoke of it as very severe everywhere. Iron skinned the fingers, if touched with an ungloved hand; and now and then an Indian came in with shockingly frozen feet. One in particular, Harry will not forget, who walked across the lake, fifteen miles, to get some ointment. Three of his toes were entirely gone, and the raw flesh seemed to quiver as Dr. Prescott dressed it; yet the young man sat still, smoking, and humming the sort of minor chant they all know, and smiling as Mrs. Prescott gave him some bread.

"Kaget, sunnygut" (That is dreadful), Harry said, looking at his foot.

"It is nothing," the young Indian answered; and though he winced as he bore his weight again on the foot, he walked off as freely as if nothing were the matter.

Snow fell constantly. So much had not fallen for years, old Hugh said, and it lay now between three and four feet on a level, and drifts every now and then of twice that depth. No teams could come through from Leech Lake; a road had been made by the dog-trains which went back and forth for the traders, but it was only a narrow ridge, hardly a foot wide; no horse could stand on it, and a sled, whether drawn by them or oxen, would tip off, first one side and then the other, while they struggled through the drifts. The paths to the wigwams are like this: the Indians walk always in single file, and there was but one path where Harry and his mother could walk side by side, without tumbling off. With such deep snow, snow-shoes are very little use, and many of the Indians were unable to go to the winter hunt, and remained at home, so that the traders' supply of furs was less than usual.

There are three hunts: the long one in the fall, beginning in October generally, and ending early in December; a short one in January, and another long one, beginning the last of February, and ending at sugaring time. The trader whom the Indian may choose, supplies him with traps, powder and shot, tobacco, and what other things he may need, the Indian binding himself to give a certain number of skins in payment. Generally he keeps his promises faithfully; though sometimes, if he gets angry for any cause, he goes to another trader and disposes of his furs. On this account they are always on the watch; and each trader sends out men, who fill the office of the *coureurs du bois* I have spoken of, travelling long distances through the snow, and often getting the skins in the hunter's camp. When, too, it is heard that an Indian is on his way in, men from the different stores go out, each one trying to persuade him to sell to them. Aiken complained bitterly of this, saying that Fairbanks, the other trader, watched all night for the Indians, who travel most at that time in the winter, as going over the snow by daylight often brings on what is called snow-blindness. They hunt sometimes in twos or threes, but more often alone. The traps for mink, otter, and musk-rats, are set near their haunts; and how many are caught in a good season, you can judge, when I tell you that nearly fifteen hundred of mink

alone were brought in to the two posts at Red and Leech lakes, last winter.

The hunter eats the bodies of the animals taken, and through the day busies himself in skinning them, scraping and oiling the inside of the skin, and drying it near the fire. Wolves and foxes, which prowl about any camp, find pieces of meat lying around, and eating them, are soon attacked by a sickness, which stretches them out stiff and stark. The hunter considers his traps too precious for them, and uses poison instead, a little of which he sprinkles on the meat. A bear is sometimes, though rarely, met; the Indians seldom go out to attack them alone, but in parties of two or three, follow their track, and drive them out of the caves, where they spend much of the time in winter. To every Indian, he is more or less "manitou," for the medicine-men wear necklaces of bears' claws; and whoever kills one is accounted a brave.

Sometimes a moose or elk is started, and then a furious chase on snow-shoes follows. The dogs, one or two of which always accompany the hunter, and have the pointed nose and general appearance of the fox, chase the poor animal till it is exhausted, and then penning it in some corner, the Indian, on coming up, either shoots, or cuts the throat with his long knife.

All the meat which cannot be eaten is cut in strips, and smoked a little over the fire, ready to be taken home for family use. Soup made of this smoked meat, and thickened with flour, is almost as great a luxury as dog soup. Harry and papa grew to like moose meat very much, but mamma could never quite get over the strong, smoky taste. Rabbits were very plenty; and on the scaffolds put up for that purpose before every lodge, hung many hundreds of white-fish, which, being caught late in the fall, are frozen and strung on poles, by a hole made in the head. The meat is pure white, firm, and delicate; so much prized, indeed, that large quantities caught in Lake Superior are packed in ice, and sent inland, and numbers more salted like cod. It is said to be found only in Lake Superior, and those connected with it; and there are none at Leech Lake, — tullibees, a smaller and somewhat coarser fish, taking their place. The country lying north-west of Superior, between that lake and Red Lake, is almost unexplored; and Dr. Prescott often said that if alone, he should be tempted to start off with some of the Indians, when spring came, and try to discover the stream which must somewhere connect the two lakes, if what they told him was true; to which mamma always an-

swered, that he had been on one wild expedition, and that was enough.

Sogette had been warmly clothed. Mamma wanted to cut her hair, but this was contrary to all Indian custom, and could not be thought of. So the wild locks were braided and tied; but Sogette's fashion of rolling down hill when she went for water, generally untied them, and she came back with them flying around her face. Still, she was clean now, and very proud of her two dresses; and still more so of a new apron, on the bottom of which were sewed several rows of red braid, presented by Harry.

One Sunday morning she did not appear, and a boy of fourteen or fifteen, who lived in one of the wigwams close by, was seen parading back and forth, with this apron tied about his head. Noon came, and still no Sogette. Harry went down to her father's wigwam, to which he had moved after renting his house to Aiken, and which was shut up. That is, Josance, having gone away for the day, had put a pine bough in front of the door, to show that he was not at home; and on seeing that, no one would enter, though his things were lying on the floor, and a fox-skin, worth several dollars, hung from the pole of the wigwam.

Night came; and at dusk Sogette was seen stealing up to the Campbells', from whence Georgy presently walked down, looking very much disturbed, and holding a ribbon in his hand.

"Sogette up with us," he said; "she 'fraid to come here."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Prescott.

"For coz she throw stick all night."

"Do what?" said Dr. Prescott.

"Throw stick, as you saw good while ago; all shape stick, you know, — throw 'em down: sometime lie good one way, — then sometime lie very bad; then you lose."

"I know," said Harry; "it's what they gamble with, mamma. Sticks, cut in all sorts of shapes, like arrows and things; if they lie straight when you throw them down, you win; but if they cross, you lose."

"She lose all the time," said Georgy. "I play some, an' she bet this ribbon. I win; then bum by, pretty soon, my father know, an' he say, — 'Bring it here;' so I do. Then she bet her stockings, an' lose them; an' she bet her apron, an' Waskiss get that. That was Sattleday. Then I go home, an' she play all night with some more, till the sun come, an' lose her clothes most all. Waskiss get 'em, an' she go to sleep. She

'fraid to come back. She say she tell her father you whip her, an' took 'em away, an' tell her not come here any more."

"What will you do?" said Harry, after Georgy had gone.

"Go first and see Waskiss's mother," papa answered, "and tell her that as the clothes were not Sogette's, but ours, he must give them back. They were given to her to wear so long as she was good, and Nahgouasake was to have them if trouble came up."

So papa went down to the wigwam, coming back presently with dress, petticoat, stockings, apron, and moccasins, which he said Waskiss had at first refused to give up, telling him they had been won in fair play, but pulling them out from behind the chimney when he heard that they were not hers to lose. Sogette hovered about the windows, having heard from Georgy that it would be no use to go to her father; and on being brought in, began to cry, and promised never to do so again. Josance was called up and told the true state of the case, that she need not think it was to be passed over lightly, and then she was sent home for the night, very much in disgrace.

Mamma sat in a brown study for some time after she left, till roused by papa, who said, — "What are you thinking of, Mary?"

"That the child is hardly to blame. They have so few amusements, that I can't wonder at their playing anything which will pass away the time. I wish we had a checker-board."

"That last piece of board up-stairs, shall make one," said papa, "and black and white buttons will do for the men. I am glad you thought of it."

"'Tit tat to!'" said Harry, suddenly jumping up. "I'll show her how to play 'tit tat to,' to-morrow. I can make the marks for that on the slate, and maybe they could learn dominoes too."

So, when to-morrow came, and Sogette's morning sewing was over, Harry, who had his slate, and some red and white corn ready, went out into

the Indian room, and explained the game to her. She caught the idea at once, and both Georgy and she could soon make a row. Two Indians, who came in for medicine, stopped to look, and Sogette immediately began giving lessons. The two squatted down on the floor, with the slate between, joined soon by two or three more, who were equally interested. Harry drew another set of lines on the board in the corner, and played there for a little while with Sogette, giving up his place, finally, to Ma dwa ga nou ind, who had come for a visit; and, surprised to find several of his subjects on the floor, over a slate, stopped to see what it meant. He learned the game, and was pleased with the paper for it which Harry gave him, putting it carefully into his tobacco-pouch.

"One good deed done," papa said, laughing, when Harry came in. "'Tit tat to' is surely better than cards; and you have all the credit, Harry, of having introduced it into the Ojibway nation. How do you like my work?"

Papa held up the board, which he had planned thin and smooth; then marked on it the right number of little squares, and painted them red and black. A line of red and black made a border for the whole; and when it was set up to dry, where one could not see the rough edges, Harry declared it was just as pretty as a store one. At any rate, it answered the purpose; and Sogette, learning to play the game, gave up "throwing stick" altogether. The white buttons she called Ojibways, and the black ones Sioux; and many a fierce battle was fought that winter by the children. Waskiss grew to like the game very much; but if he found that the Sioux were beating, dumped black and white together on the table, and began again. Leading Feather begged for a board, and Dr. Prescott made him one in the same way; the older Indians, too, enjoying the game, and spending at it many hours which would otherwise have been given to cards. So days went on, and by and by came to Harry an adventure, of which you shall hear soon.

A TALE OF A THREE-TAILED MONKEY.

BRINY the breeze that kisses the seas, that circle the Island of Gumbo.

Green are the groves, the cocoa-nut groves, where the Blue Monkey roves, in considerable droves, in the beautiful Island of Gumbo.

Long are the tails, and strong are the tails, that wave in the gales, while the Blue Monkey males wander free through the vales, or sport in the dales, of the beautiful Island of Gumbo.

This will do for a generally geographical and

poetically descriptive account of the island and its inhabitants. Now I must tell you of one particular cocoa-nut grove, and of the families that dwell therein.

This grove grows green in a quiet valley that runs down to the sea. The trees are so thickly grouped together, that their massy crests adjoin each other, and their long leaves interlace in mutual reciprocity. These trees are of nearly uniform height; and since the whole island is almost covered with them, their level tops form a kind of second story to this Grand Hotel de Gumbo. A gentle rivulet flows down through this valley, seeking the sea, and divides this particular grove as our streets divide our city "blocks." And yet through this opening the sunshine hardly finds its way down to the winding current of the little stream. All through the grove, under the trees, the ground is covered with a fine, short grass, which carpets this cool and shady first story of the beautiful home of the Blue Monkeys.

On the tree-tops, on one side of the brook, lives a large family of highly respectable monkeys. It is, indeed, a family of families, made up of the children, and children's children of Indigo, one of the oldest and proudest of the patriarchs of the island. Indigo, and his once beautiful, and still queenly wife, Madame Ultramarina, occupy the largest tree-top, where their nest is kept in constantly good repair by their dutiful descendants. Scattered around their central home are the comfortable nests of all the Indigos. And since the strongest of family attachments prevail, and the utmost of mutual affection; since, moreover, there is scarcely a family of the large connection that is not blessed with numerous children; and since, furthermore, and as is well known, the monkey race is especially social and good-natured, it may be easily imagined that the Indigo family live happily, cheerfully, merrily together.

On the other side of the stream dwell the Prussian Blues. P. Blue, the elder, and Mrs. Blue, — whom her husband always addresses as "My dear Cerulea," — are as well lodged, as truly venerated, and as dearly loved by their numerous surrounding children, as are the elder Indigos across the way. One description, indeed, may well serve for both families.

And yet equality of numbers, of social station, and of real ability and worth, serve only to cause jealousies and rivalries between the highly respectable Indigos and the ancient and honorable Prussian Blues. The latter family are fond

of calling themselves "True Blues," and encourage their children to look down upon the Indigos, whom they charge with having had a commercial origin; while the Indigos smile with contempt upon the aristocratic assumptions of their neighbors, and speak of them as "Dutchmen," "foreigners," and "upstarts."

It is not to be understood, however, that these families are at open enmity. On the contrary, they are apparently on the best of terms; they make and receive calls, they entertain each other at frequent sociables, and the grown-up monkeys on either side are invariably polite and cordial whenever they meet.

The young folks, it must be admitted, are not always so well-bred and self-possessed, as to conceal or disguise their feelings; and although a runaway match has now and then been made, yet the two families very rarely allow mutual intimacies to ripen toward matrimonial connection;



the young gentlemen belong to different clubs, and the young ladies patronize different milliners.

The children, however, mingle freely together in the shady grove below, and care but little for the family feuds carried on above them. Occasionally Indigo faces are scratched by Blue fingernails, or *vice versa*; not infrequently the proud and envious gossip heard at the breakfast-table gets itself retailed on the play-ground; often, indeed, does Boast meet Brag in wordy warfare; but usually their mutual mud-pies are baked in peace, and their base-ball matches are played with honorable rivalry.

This brings me to my tale, which seemed to need, I thought, thus much of introductory body to grow from.

'Twas on a summer day that the children were at play in the glade; a cool and pleasant breeze

came up stream from the seas, and the full-topped cocoa-trees gave their shade. Some played at hide-and-seek, with many a merry squeak, in their glee; and some of the older males fought duels with their tails, tickled noses with their tails, solemnly.

And some went a-crabbing. It was high tide, when crabs come cruising along the shallows for their food; and most exciting sport these monkey fishermen enjoyed. Their way was to stand upon the rocks and let their tails hang over into the water, and wait for a bite. This is better than fishing with rod and line, for in this way one always knows he has a bite at the very instant it comes, and has a very good motive for pulling in as quickly as possible.

The elder monkeys, whose tails were comparatively tough, were very successful, catching crabs by the dozen; but the little chaps, with tender tails, were too apt to start and squeal at every



bite they had, and thus they frightened the crabs away.

A few of the monkeys, rather too lazy, perhaps, to engage in active sports, sat or lounged together on the soft grass in a very pleasant hollow between two large cocoa-nut trees, and told stories. In the course of their mutual entertainment, one of the Indigo family related an instance of the remarkable strength of tail which he claimed to be peculiar to the Indigos. An uncle of his, he said, had climbed the tallest of cocoas, with thirteen monkeys holding on by his tail!

The "True Blues" were unwilling, of course, to allow that their uncles had not performed feats quite as remarkable, and so one of the inventive boys of this family declared that his mother had told him that her oldest brother had held by a branch with his hands, and let *nineteen* monkeys hang by his tail!

"Ho, ho! He, he!" from the Indigo party.

"Nineteen monkeys couldn't all get hold of one monkey's tail!"

This, you see, was an expression of doubt in regard to young True Blue's veracity. The Blues might have endured this without letting their angry passions rise, but for the "He, he!" which accompanied or prefaced the doubt. To have one of their honorable family laughed at, or laughed about, was the very thing their own mothers had told them not to allow, and not a few of them gritted their teeth, and made faces at the Indigos. There would very likely have been a scrimmage then and there, but for the opportune suggestion of one of the Blues.

"Le's us fellers try tails!"

"That's it!" "Le's try tails!" "Indigo forever!" "Three cheers for the Blues!"—these, and similar shouts, resounded through the grove. Family pride gave an air of serious dignity to the faces and movements of the heirs and representatives of the rival races. They gathered in separate groups, each side rallying around the two or three who were acknowledged as superiors in strength and agility.

Among the Indigos was a fine young fellow, who had for some time surpassed his mates in fleetness and endurance. There were those much older, and not a few more boastful; but Bob Indigo, although he said but little, was prompt and plucky, and usually came out a little ahead in all sorts of games and sports.

Bob was well matched by Jack Blue, the acknowledged hero of the other party. Jack was a year and a half older than Bob, and had always claimed precedence on account of age, taking the lead, and generally keeping it, in racing, leaping, swinging, and such like monkey-shines. Whenever Bob had beaten him, as had happened quite often lately, Jack had only to affirm that he had not tried to win, that he had been willing to give Bob a chance, could have beaten if he'd wanted to, and all his friends believed him; for they were True Blues to the backbone. For one thing, Jack was certainly the best fisherman of the grove; indeed, the hair was pretty well worn off from the end of his tail, where the crabs had nipped it.

It was soon agreed that Bob and Jack should represent the Indigos and the Prussian Blues, respectively, in a grand trial of tails. "Even or odd," with jackstones, determined that Bob should first make test of the strength of his "narrative." Choosing a stout young *campan* tree, that grew near a pool in the lower part of the grove, he climbed to its lowest branch, ran out nimbly, and

in a jiffy was swinging in the air about twenty feet from the ground.

"Come on!" he cried. "Indigo forever!"

A dozen True Blues scrambled up the tree, and, one by one, let themselves down over Bob's shoulders, till they could get a good grip of his tail, from which they swung themselves rather roughly; they hoped, no doubt, to loosen Bob's hold upon the branch. In vain, however, for Bob still cried, "Come on!" and at this all the Indigos set up a shout that made the grove ring again.

"Swing him!" cried the Blues below, to their pendent friends.

"No, no!" screamed the Indigos; "that isn't fair! Hang on, as many as you please, but no swinging!"

Several other Blues now started to add themselves to the swarm that had hold of Bob's tail; but at this point, some one suggested,—"Suppose Bob *does* let go, or his tail parts, then look out for broken bones, for the whole lot will come down kerwhollop together!"

"But I want thirteen," said Bob, "and I stump Jack Blue for the odd number."

Jack was up the tree in a twinkling; and letting himself down carefully, found just room enough for a one-handed grip of Bob's tail. Bob winked a little at this additional weight, and couldn't help wrinkling the skin of his face; but he held on "like grim death," and all the Indigos cheered and chattered wildly.

None of the other Blues dared to add their weight to the swaying tassel of monkeys that adorned the stretched tail of the heroic Bob. They chattered together, and challenged each other to "Go up," and screamed to the hanging committee to "Hold on," but one had a sore finger, another the toothache, and some had very severe colds; in short, part were afraid, and the rest didn't dare to, and so Bob hung there in his glory, with his original thirteen.

"Come!" said the Indigos, "there's no use Bob's stretching his tail there any longer. Anybody else want to go up? Now's your time! Ride up, gentlemen! Ride up!"

The Blues were silent and stirred not. Jack Blue, who was last on, was now first off, and one by one his comrades followed him. Last of all came Bob, amidst the deafening cheers of his friends. A few of the more magnanimous among the Blues joined in the applause.

Bob's tail was out of curl, stuck out behind him straight and stiff, for a while, and no doubt it ached; but he smiled, and grinned, and shook

hands with his friends with the proud self-consciousness of having fought it out on that line to glorious victory.

Jack seemed in no great hurry to take his place on the *campan* branch, but his friends' faces began to look glowery at his delay; and at last, for very shame, he made a virtue of necessity, and with a "Hurrah for the True Blues!" dashed up the tree. Twenty Indigos were at his heels. They hardly waited for him to say that he was ready, to scramble down over his shoulders, and cling to his tail. It had been demonstrated by Bob's experience that thirteen monkeys made an average tailful. Whether Jack could have held more or not, it was impossible to tell, for the thirteenth, as in Bob's case, found room for only one hand.



"We told you so!" cried the Indigos. "Nineteen monkeys couldn't get hold of one tail!"

"Drawn game! Drawn game!" replied the Blues, who had no retort ready to the sneer about their boast of nineteen. "Drawn game! Come down, Jack!"

"Three cheers for Jack Blue!" cried Bob, and all the monkeys joined in heartily.

By this time all the young monkeys of the grove had assembled, attracted by the noise of the repeated cheering. The crab-fishers came up from the shore; a party of young men monkeys, who had been playing base-ball in an open lot not far away, finished their game hastily, and came to see what was "up." The very littlest monkeys, the mud-pie bakers, came too. And now there was a grand congress of young-mon-

keydom, and all sorts of propositions were made, all at once, with regard to the best methods of testing tails.

Fortunately for the young folks, their fathers had all gone that day to the hill-top at the centre of the island, to pay their annual tribute to His Simian Majesty, the Emperor of Gumbo. As luck would have it, also, both Madam Ultramarina and Madam Cerulea had each given a tea-party to the mothers, and the ladies were cackling and chattering over their gossip, and simpering over their babies, and keeping up such a clatter of their own, generally, that they did not hear the unusual noises in the grove below. If they had imagined what was going on, it is to be feared they would have vetoed all the bills brought forward at this congress, — especially the last one, which passed both houses almost unanimously.

One of the young men of the Indigo party had moved, —

I. That a general measurement of tails be made.

II. That five of the *longest-tailed* be selected on each side.

III. That from these be chosen the *strongest-tailed*, one for the Indigos, and one for the Prussian Blues.

IV. That then these two representatives of the rival families be tied securely together by their tails, with a double-hitch knot.

V. That then each grasp another monkey around the waist, from behind, — Indigo embracing Indigo, and Blue, Blue, — and number two on each side grasping a number three, number three a four, and so on, until the multiplicated embrace should take in the entire gathering of both parties.

VI. That then, with a "*One, two, THREE,*" each side

PULL LIKE ALL POSSESSED !

and the side that pulled the other most and farthest to be the victor.

This proposition was received with immense applause! Two amendments were agreed upon! — that the convention adjourn to the ball-ground, in order to secure a clear field for operations; and that Bob and Jack, whose tails had been *stretched* recently, should be excused from this trial, and serve as managers and arbiters of the tournament.

Immediately began the measurement of tails. So many monkeys backed themselves up for examination, that Jack and Bob were each the centre of circles, of which the crowded radii were

tapering tails. It became a matter of the greatest difficulty for the arbiters to decide upon the claims presented; but after very careful measurements with yard-sticks, the five were chosen on each side, and stood apart in all their pride.

But from these noble Fives to choose the nobler Ones! from the long-tails to select the strong-tails! — *this* was a matter which might well have perplexed even abler critics than Jack and Bob. For, as is well known to those who read and those who write for magazines, tales may be long without being strong. And the special difficulty in this special case was, that there were no really convenient and reliable means at hand for testing, in advance, the cohesive attraction of these articulated members. There was no use in trying the plan already thoroughly proved by the experiment so honorably carried through by Jack and Bob. Only thirteen monkeys could get hold of one monkey's tail, even when it was stretched; and no more thorough process suggested itself in the fertile brain of the most ingenious of the aspirants. There was likely to be a wearisome delay on this account, and the rest of the monkeys were already becoming impatient, when it occurred to Bob to remark, quietly, to his Five, "I say, fellows, won't it hurt, though! My tail hasn't got over aching yet, and *my* trial was nothing to what *this* will be! There'll be a worse pull at the upper end; and then the knot! Jimminy! How it will ache at the knot!"

This suggestion had its intended effect. Five tails had curled themselves eagerly over five monkeys' backs: three of the five uncurled themselves and came down; one, indeed, was seen to wind itself humbly down in under between its owner's hind-legs. But two were still rampant, and from these two Bob promptly chose the one that waved highest, wisely concluding that thus was indicated its master's superior pluck.

"Joe Indigo," said he, "*pro auctoritate mihi commissa*" (Bob knew Latin, you see), "I appoint you champion of our noble family. May your tail be as strong as your heart is stout, and victory is ours!"

By what process Jack succeeded in fixing upon the champion of the Blues, I have not been informed. At the same moment, however, in which Bob marched out with Joe on his arm, did Jack advance with Bill Blue at his elbow. Then rose, on either side, wild shouts of joy and pride, with waving tails. "Three cheers for Indigo!" "True Blue forever, O!" "Hurrah for Bill

and Joe!" rang through the vales. You may be sure the knot was tied with strictest care. No knot matrimonial was ever more tightly tied. Before the twisting turns of it were drawn to their final adjustment, a thoughtful and judicious but unfeeling monkey sprinkled *sand* in its folds, to prevent slipping.

Already had the Indigos on one hand, and the Blues on the other, arranged themselves into living chains, each monkey grasping his file-leader tightly around the loins. It only remained for Bill and Joe to seize and encircle the waist of the rearmost with more than affectionate embrace.

"Are you ready?" shouted Bob.

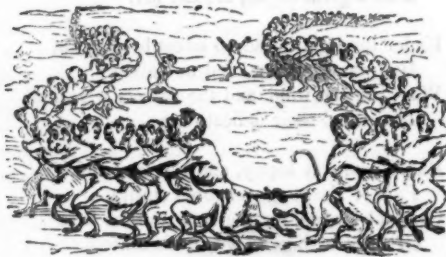
"Ay! Ay! Ay! AY!"

replied some half a hundred voices.

"Then here goes," said Jack. "One! TWO! THREE!"

And SUCH a scratching of gravel! SUCH a chorus of cries and cheers, of shouts and screams, of shrieks and squeaks! The long line waved and swayed about with serpentine sinuosity. Now the Blues were pulled, and now the Indigos. At one moment Joe was drawn off his feet, which kicked vainly in the air behind him; at the next, Bill found his hind-legs of no use to him. Often both the champions were stretched off the ground. What a firm hold they kept! How nobly, while the tightening knot ground their small vertebrae together with crinkly, crunchy pain, did they the firmer grasp their little hands, and grin and bear it!

Jack and Bob were everywhere at once along



their lines, encouraging, inspiring their friends. I would quote a few of their animating remarks, but that some of their expletives would seem, in print, more vigorous than elegant.

Like a lively anaconda swayed the line along the level, hither, thither, near, and yonder, squirming, squealing,—

CRACK!

Down in the dust fell flat both Blues and Indigos! A shriek of piteous pain pierced the air!

Hands were loosed, feet were found, and fifty monkeys howled as they discovered that Joe Indigo's tail had been pulled out!

Shall I tell how grieved all were at this most sad catastrophe, how frightened they were? for this was something serious: the parents of Joe must know of their son's mutilation, and a breeze would soon be blowing among the cocoa-trees on the Indigo side of the stream. Poor Joe had fainted at first; and on recovery, had started homeward, with one hand covering the hollow from which had sprouted recently his graceful tail. He was accompanied by many sympathizing friends.



They thought but little of the defeat their party had suffered: they only said, "What will Joe's father do?"

"What will his mother say?"

Nor were the True Blues very jubilant over their victory, as they followed their champion from the field. They had endeavored to loose the extra tail from its knotty hold upon Bill's extremity; but the folds were untwistable, and the two-volumed tail would have dragged on the ground, through weight and weariness, but that tail-bearers tenderly carried it. Bill protested that it *didn't* hurt, and risked the "liar's part," as he proudly walked in the crowd of admiring friends towards his home.

I have already stretched my own tale, telling these details of the Test of Tails, and must bring my narrative to its conclusion.

Joe's tail never grew again! A famous physician of the capital of Gumbo was called to attend him, one of the school that practices upon the principle, "*Simia simibus curantur*," and he at once declared that poor Joe's tail would *never* grow again! His wise suggestion, for which he pocketed a splendid "honorarium," was that the original tail be immediately procured and, so to speak, re-issued, but he professed himself by no means sanguine as to the success of the edition.

The pirated tail, however, was not to be procured. The messenger that was sent for it, found Mrs. Blue bathing the knot with "Burnett's Cocaine" (which elegant preparation, as should be known, is imported direct from the

Island of Gumbo), and trying tenderly to loose its indurate intricacies. In vain! William howled at every slightest touch. The gritty



sand had ground away both hair and hide, and fifty monkey-power had strained the very bones together, so that not even the celebrated emollient referred to availed to take the kink out; not even a mother's delicate and kindly skillful fingers could extricate the extra. As time passed

on, the tails together grew, and thus became bi-caudate Billy-Blue. Poor Joe! He spends his days like a tale that is told in the beautiful Island of Gumbo, — a tale without epilogue or peroration, with neither postscript nor sequel, un-concluded by "finis," and never "to be continued."

Here ends the "Tale of the Three-tailed Monkey."

"Three?" Let me see! Did I speak of "three?" I must make my head and my tail agree; I mustn't trip up in my details: There's his own, you know, where it ought to grow; there's the tail tied on that belonged to Joe; and this that I've told, makes the three tails.



MILKING.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

LITTLE dun cow to the apple-tree tied,
Chewing the cud of reflection,
I that am milking you, sit by your side,
Lost in a sad retrospection.

Far o'er the fields the tall daisies blush
warm,
For rosy the sunset is dying;
Across the still valley, o'er meadow and farm,
The flush of its beauty is lying.

White foams the milk in the pail at my feet,
Clearly the robins are calling:
Soft blows the evening wind after the heat,
Cool the long shadows are falling.

Little dun cow, 'tis so tranquil and sweet!
Are you light-hearted, I wonder?
What do you think about — something to eat?
On clover and grass do you ponder?

I am remembering days that are dead,
And a brown little maid in the gloaming,
Milking her cow, with the west burning red
Over waves that about her were foaming.

Up from the sad east the deep shadows gloomed
Out of the distance and found her;
Lightly she sang, while the solemn sea boomed
Like a great organ, around her.

Under the light-house no sweet-brier grew,
Dry was the grass, and no daisies
Waved in the wind, and the flowers were few
That lifted their delicate faces.

But O, she was happy, and careless, and blest,
Full of the song-sparrow's spirit;
Grateful for life, for the least and the best
Of the blessings that mortals inherit.

Fairer than gardens of Paradise seemed
The desolate spaces of water;
Nature was hers — clouds that frowned, stars
that gleamed, —
What beautiful lessons they taught her!

Would I could find you again, little maid,
Striving with utmost endeavor, —
Could find in my breast that light heart, unafraid,
That has vanished forever and ever!

HOW A SAIL BOAT IS MANAGED.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

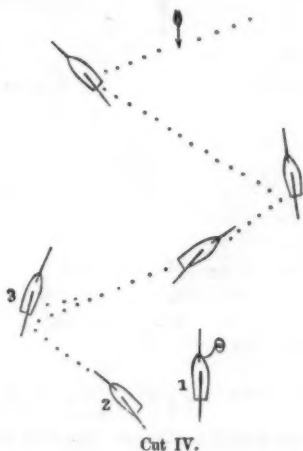
II.

OUR boat having been launched and rigged, the first thing to be done is to ballast her. This is a very nice operation. The safety and speed of a vessel depends on it in a great degree, and it is not until after repeated trials that you can tell exactly how much ballast your boat should have, and how it should be stowed. Lead makes the best ballast; but iron ballast, consisting of scraps of old iron, is good, as taking less room than stones. If you can find old "fifty-sixes" at the ironmongers or foundries, that is better still. Shifting ballast, consisting of bags of gravel, or fifty-sixes encased in leather, to prevent their rusting, is used sometimes; so that by heaving them on the weather side, sail may be carried longer. But only experienced hands should rely on this, as it may prove very dangerous when making short tacks in a brisk breeze. Part of the ballast may be advantageously placed under the keel, in the shape of a bar of iron. This is particularly good in centre-board boats, because it gives great strength to the keel.

The next thing to be done is to find a good place for keeping your boat. A wharf is unfit for the purpose, as the boat is apt to catch her spars among the piers, or have her sails and decks fouled, or be left on the mud by the tide, or be run into by a schooner coming alongside. The best and usual mode of keeping a sail boat is to have moorings expressly for her in some part of the harbor, where the water is always deep enough to float her, so that you can prevent her from getting foul, and can get under weigh at any hour; care should be taken in selecting such a place, to avoid a spot where the sea is liable to run high, or to be frequented by ships coming into the port. The moorings consist of a heavy stone of a size proportionate to the boat, lowered to the bottom. To this a chain is attached, reaching to the water's edge, and to the chain a heavy rope, at the upper end of which is a double hook, called a sister hook. The hook is made fast to the bow of the boat, and the buoy is to keep the end of the mooring at the surface, when cast off from the boat. The buoy has a rope handle, called a becket, attached to it, and should be painted black, as this color is usually visible farther than white on the water, both by daylight and at night. It is well to have the

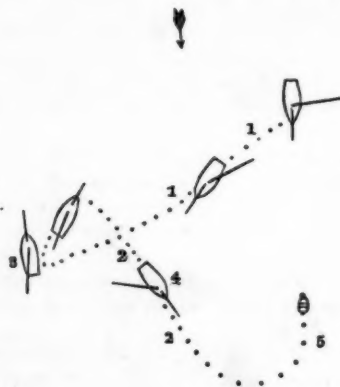
boat's name painted on the ends of the keg used for a buoy.

Unless the wind should be very light, and the tide running very strongly in the opposite direction, the boat's head, when moored, will point towards the direction from which the wind comes: see cut IV., 1, where the boat's head points to the arrow, the quarter of the wind. In such case, when you want to sail, hoist the mainsail first. Having then everything in readiness, you quickly hoist the jib, and cast off the moorings.



The helm, or tiller, should be immediately turned to the side in which you wish the bow to fall off. Starboard is the right-hand side of the boat, facing the bow, and port the left side. If you desire the boat to fall off to starboard, you put the tiller in that direction, and vice versa. As soon as the boat makes sternway, and her head falls off as desired, and the sails begin to draw, at once haul in on your lee jib-sheet, and make fast your main-sheet, and meet her with the helm, or right the helm; that is, point your helm amidships towards the bow, parallel with the keel. It is supposed that you wish to make for the mouth of the harbor, and that the wind is blowing directly in, and is therefore dead ahead, and so you will have to beat out, by a zigzag course, called tacking. The boat having got

headway, you now bring her head as close to the wind as possible, without carsing the sails to shiver, keeping her "full and by," that is, near the wind, but with the sails full, and hold on in this direction (2) until advisable to tack. This is done by putting your helm down; that is, to leeward, doing this easily, so as not to lose headway, and gradually bringing the bow up into the wind's eye (3). Just as soon as the jib begins to shiver, let go the jib-sheet; and when the bow begins to fall off in the opposite direction, so as to take the wind on the other side, immediately flatten the jib, and keep it so until the boat begins to draw ahead on the other tack, when you haul the jib-sheet to leeward, trim your main-sheet, and meet her with the helm. In case the wind is light, or a strong head sea and



Cut V.

tide make it doubtful whether the boat will go about, push the main-boom hard over to windward; the wind may thus turn the stern when the bow refuses to shift its position. When sailing thus on a wind, or tacking, especially if under a press of sail, but in fact at all times, until you have become somewhat familiar with the art of sailing, it is indispensable for safety that if the boat is a small one, you hold either the main-sheet or the jib-sheet in your hand, to let slip in case a sudden flaw should strike the boat, and threaten to capsize her. The latter mode is preferable, because the jib-sheet is easier to hold, and you can thus instantly luff, or bring the bow up into the wind, by putting down the helm, which shakes the sails, and relieves the boat from the sudden pressure, and gives you time to let go the halyards, if necessary, in case the squall should threaten to continue. Should you be

obliged to take in a reef, it is done by lowering the sail enough to allow you to make fast the cringles to the boom by the earings; and after that, tie the reef points carefully, avoiding granny knots. Should you have to take in two reefs, it is well to have the first reef taken in snug before you lay hold of the second reef.

The boat having now gallantly worked her way out of the harbor against a head wind, on the course marked by dots, will, when returning to her moorings, have the wind astern, or dead aft. In order to get her before the wind, you put the helm up, letting the bow fall off, and slack the main-sheet. In running before the wind, when it is blowing fresh, it is more than ever necessary to mind the helm, and steer with great care, lest the mainsail should jibe, un-awares; that is, have the wind take it aback and swing it over to the other side of the boat. If the sail shifts suddenly in this way in a strong wind, one of two things must happen: the boat will capsize, or the bow will be carried away,—neither of which results is particularly desirable, and may be avoided by steady steering. But if, when thus running before the wind, it is necessary to change the course a little, requiring the shifting of the boom to the other quarter, as from the course 1, 1, cut V., to the course 2, 2, then the way to do it is, as you put the helm up, haul in on the main-sheet rapidly, and as soon as the sail feels the wind on the other side, let the sheet run out instantly, until the boom has lost the force of the impetus. But under a press of sail in a strong breeze, it is safest to let go the peak halyards, until the boom has shifted; thus by slackening the canvas, taking the force of the wind out of the sail. Another way of accomplishing the same object is, to put the helm down, and hauling on the sheets, carefully bring the head of the boat into the wind, as in tacking (3, cut II.), and when she has taken the wind on the other beam, let her fall off before the wind again (4, cut V.). You cannot be too careful about this matter of jibing and wearing, until you have become a pretty good sailor. In a small boat, it is well to have the foot of the mainsail slant upwards enough, aft, to give the boom room to swing, without hitting your head when you are seated; otherwise, you will have some violent headaches, if not broken bones, sometimes, when the unruly main-boom shifts about with smashing force. Even in a light breeze, the crack of the boom on the side of the head is anything but pleasant.

On approaching the moorings, the boat-hook should be got out of the cuddy, and be in readiness to pick up the buoy and hoist it on board; and when within a short distance of the buoy, to be determined by the force of the wind and your experience, the jib halyards should be let go, and the jib hauled down; and the head of the boat being gradually brought up into the wind, so near to the moorings that she can have sufficient headway to glide up to the buoy, and not too much to go past it (see course marked 5, cut V.). As you get up to it, you seize the boat-hook, rush to the bow, catch up the buoy by the becket, and haul it on board and make fast the sister hook to the bow. You can now lower your mainsail, and furl both sails; this is quite a neat operation, requiring some tact, and a few hints from some old salt, to learn how to lay them up snug with a smooth skin. It should be the pride of every boy who owns a sail boat, to keep her looking in excellent order. The lines should all be hauled straight, and neatly coiled, not only when at anchor, but when under sail, because serious consequences may follow, if, in any sudden emergency, they should be snarled and tangled together. The sheets and halyards should receive particular care in this respect. When leaving your boat snug for the night, however, it is well not to leave the main-sheet and peak halyards too tight, lest rain wetting the ropes should so shrink them as to strain, if not break the boom, or the topping lift. A frame shaped like a pair of scissors, and called a *crotch*, is often used to support the main-boom with great advantage.

You have now taken the first sail in your boat, and have some notion of the way to sail out and back again. But there are many more details, of course, requiring to be learned, which can only be acquired by close observation, and considerable experience. But before finishing this article, a few suggestions may be added. If you wish your boat to be a good sailer, lay her aground once or twice in the course of the season, and when the tide is out, give her bottom a good scrubbing with a brush broom, for it is liable to foul very rapidly with barnacles and weeds unless coated with copper paint; and until one has seen it, it is impossible to conceive how much a few weeds and shells will retard the progress of the fastest craft. Another suggestion is to be careful how you get aground at flood tide, for it will then be difficult to get off at least for twelve hours. A boat may be got off sometimes by shifting the ballast forward, or sending two or

three persons, if they are on board, to stand on the bow and the bowsprit, as most sail boats draw less water at the bow than at the stern; and, if the wind be favorable, by trimming the sails. An expedient that may be very successfully tried with a decked boat when aground, and you have a row-boat on hand, is to carry an anchor off into deep water the length of your cable; then to unhitch the throat halyard block from the gaff, and make it fast to the inner end of the cable, and pull with a will on the halyards. By getting a purchase in this way from the head of the mast, if done quickly, the boat may be careened on her side enough to float her off before the tide has left her dry. But it must be done very expeditiously, if the tide is running out.

You should never go any distance from your moorings without one or two oars and rowlocks, for the wind may die away and leave you drifting on an ugly reef, with the tide and swell, or, at any rate, inconvenience you very seriously, if you intend to make a port by nightfall.

When you leave your boat at night, always look very carefully to your moorings; see that they are securely fastened to the boat, and that the cable is not liable to chafe against the bobstay, or anywhere else, so as to be in danger of parting, lest on some morning, when it has been blowing hard during the night, you go down to the beach and see your little beauty stranded on the rocks, and bilged, that is, with a hole knocked through the floor.

If you wish to keep your sails looking white and yacht-like, and what is still more important, to keep them from mildewing and rotting with the frequent rains of this climate, soak them often in salt water; or, better yet, make a thin solution of lime water, and let them lie in it a while; don't allow so much lime, however, as to make it disagreeable to handle the sails when furling them. And always, if possible, after a rain, shake out the sails, and let them get a good drying in the genial sun. If you cannot stay by until they are dry, hoist the mainsail, and let the jib remain spread out on the bowsprit.

One word more of advice on this subject, and the most important of all. Be very cautious until you have become very familiar with the details of boat-sailing. Boating is considered by landmen as a dangerous sport; it may be made so, if meddled with by those who know but little about it. To ignorance and foolhardiness, which are too often found combined, and to the excessive use of ardent spirits, may be ascribed almost every accident in boating, although acci-

dents will happen sometimes unavoidably; but this is also the case with riding, skating, and almost every manly sport. We do not consider boating much more hazardous than driving, if properly conducted. Do not be ashamed, when beginning lessons in boating, to go under short sail, and to use every precaution. The truly brave boy best shows his courage when he does not mind being laughed at by his comrades, if he is in the right; prudence, when necessary, does not imply fear, but common sense; and in due time you will find your exercise of prudence result in increased familiarity with the details of the sport, and you will be able to handle a boat with safety, combined with skill. One precaution you can never dispense with, so long as you sail on the water. Always keep an eye to windward, on the lookout for flaws or changes in the wind, so as to be ready at any moment to luff, or take in sail. Even when it is calm, often scan the horizon, to take advantage of the first puff, or to avoid being struck unawares by a dangerous flaw. "Ceaseless vigilance" is the first principle of sailing, whether in a small boat or in a line of

battle ship. It is well for the beginner to have some experienced hand accompany him the first two or three times he goes out in his boat, and give him some valuable "notions" about sailing.

I hope these brief directions may assist you somewhat in making a start in one of the noblest of manly sports, and enable you to gain a thorough familiarity, in time, with the managing of a boat. You will find that it will require quickness, presence of mind, and self-confidence in the highest degree, emergencies often arising when you will have to act instantaneously, and can only do so with safety to yourself or your boat, by calling these qualities of mind suddenly into play, together with a ready familiarity with the principles of sailing. Perhaps in time you will command a large yacht, and engage in regattas and ocean races, and perhaps introduce improvements in the arts of building and sailing yachts. Many improvements yet remain to be discovered, and the craft that combines in itself the respective advantages of the English and American yachts, has yet to be built.

SPOOL-HOUSES.

ONE afternoon, when I was about nine years old, my cousin Mary and I became tired of playing with our dolls and tea-set, and cast about us for some new toy. It was a cold, blustering day in winter and we were forbidden to go out doors. We were both nearly sick with colds and sore throats, and so we were obliged to spend the whole day in the family sitting-room. Mary's mother (I was an orphan, and lived with Mary as her sister) was an invalid, and we were sure of her company and care in this room, as she seldom went out of it, excepting to go to her bed-room adjoining.

I had been standing at the window for some time playing keep a Fly-Hospital,—that is, laying the few half-torpid flies I could find on the window panes on their backs along the sill, and pouring drops of water over them, or putting sugar and water on their heads in hopes that a portion might reach their mouths, wherever those might be, when my attention was attracted to several spools standing near, which my aunt had been using in her sewing. "O Mary," said I, "let us play that these spools are people. We can each take a window, and our families can live on the broad sill, and go up-stairs on the

sash!" Mary seemed pleased with the idea, so she sprang up from her low chair by the fire where she had been disconsolately looking over the familiar pictures in "Mother Goose," and came to receive her share of the spools. Besides those that I found on the window sill, we rummaged my aunt's work-basket till we had enough for two happy families, consisting each of a mother and father, three children, a cook, and a nursery maid. We enjoyed this new game very much, and kept busy till daylight faded, and the curtains were put down, when we varied our evening reading by whispered accounts of what our families were going to do on the morrow. The next morning it was still too stormy to allow of out-door play, so we dispatched our daily lessons and our task of sewing as quickly as possible, that we might resume our pleasant occupation of the previous afternoon. But we were hindered in various ways. In the first place, as we became familiar with our circumstances, we found that they had serious drawbacks. The window sills would do very well for a street, but even our strong fancy could not make them look like the rooms of a house; there was nothing in the way of furniture to help the illusion; and when

we wanted our people to stay up-stairs they would come tumbling down at the slightest jar, because the sash frames were too narrow for the spools. Besides, my aunt and her sister, who were busy at some fine work, wanted all the light possible on that cloudy day, and our little heads and restless bodies intercepted a good deal. And when the cause of our unusual goodness and industry was discovered in the play which no one had paid any attention to before, excepting to rejoice in our quietness, and it was found that we had helped ourselves to the nicest and finest spools of thread, which required to be kept clean and white in order to serve for their appointed work,—then, indeed, our delightful game was brought to a sudden end. But as a comfort in our trouble, we were promised all the empty spools that could be hunted up, if we would undertake to provide ourselves with houses in a more retired quarter. We thought about the matter a good while, and at last Mary decided to use her doll's cupboard for a house. This was the best plan that could have been devised; for the upper part of the cupboard was divided into three shelves, which would answer for the three stories of a house. I finally chose the lower part of my aunt's wash-stand, which stood in a retired part of the room.

Having selected our houses, the next thing was to furnish them. It is remarkable how rapidly a plan will develop itself after the foundation is once laid. This is the case in small things as well as great, and our favorite spool-play is a curious instance. I don't know how the first suggestion came to us, but we soon determined to make our own furniture instead of using our smaller dolls' property, which, after all, was not suitable for the new race we had created.

So we hunted about for blocks and smooth chips, and before long had a collection of articles which so nearly resembled real furniture that ever our elders recognized at once their design and uses. Mary's house was as cozy as possible. My own I could not arrange so well, because it was all one plane surface, which was divided into rooms by a partition of blocks. I will describe hers, because it satisfied us both; and even to this day it presents so cheerful and homelike a picture to my memory that whenever I enter a remarkably pretty room, with a fire on the hearth and a group of happy people around it, I involuntarily recall our spool-families in the doll's cupboard. The shelves of this cupboard were about ten inches long, and four wide; a small space you will think, but it was sufficient for the

inhabitants. The upper shelf was the bed-room. The bed—a thin, square block wide enough to hold two spools—was in one corner, and at its foot was a smaller block to be used as a crib for the thimble-baby. At the opposite end of the room was a bed for the spool-children, and near it a high block for the wash-stand. The fire-place—a smooth piece of hickory bark, bent in the middle, and placed with the two ends on the floor, like a letter A without the cross-mark—was in the centre of the back wall. It really looked like a fire-place, too; the bark was about half an inch wide, so that it came out into the room like a mantel-piece and jambs, and being of hickory, we could easily imagine that it was rich, dark wood-work. For fire we split up chips into fine shreds, and crossed them on the hearth till we had built up a good pile, and though they were never lighted, they gave the effect of both light and heat. On each side of the fire-place were large chairs of hickory bark, bent at right angles, and standing on one side, in shape like the letter L. These made nice seats for the spools, and gave them a high back to lean against if they wished. In front of the fire-place was a round table with books upon it—the books made of little pieces of paper folded up. Other chairs were placed around the room, and footstools—small square pieces of bark—stood in front of the fire and before the large chairs. The next shelf was the parlor. Here was a fire-place, like the one above, only made out of the handsomest bark we could find; two sofas stood in opposite corners,—narrow polished blocks, with thin chips for pillows; there were several chairs, and a piano, this last our great pride, being a small, oblong block of real mahogany, with one side highly polished, which answered the purpose of a piano very well; it had a neat little chip for a stool, and a paper book of music always open. The lowest shelf was the dining-room and kitchen, a partition having been placed between the two rooms. The dining table was a long low block, and each spool had its own seat of smooth hickory bark; a tall block for a sideboard, and a small fire-place completed the furniture of this apartment. The kitchen was properly provided with a thick block for a stove, a table for dishes, and a few chairs. You may have noticed that the plan of this house was somewhat like that of the nice baby-houses which little girls rejoice in at this day. Your houses are much finer and larger and better furnished, but as they come to you ready-made, I doubt if they give you any more real enjoyment than we found in arranging a play

which was entirely our own idea, and for which we were obliged to devise our own materials.

Mary's house was so pretty that my own was almost neglected, and my spools made long and frequent visits with hers. Besides, she had another advantage over me, for when our play was over for the day she had only to shut the doors of her cupboard, while all my furniture must be put into a box at night to have it out of the way. This consideration, and the want of room, which we both felt more and more as our play progressed, made us long for the warm weather to come, when we could transfer our toys to the attic; a change which our elders looked forward to with almost as much eagerness as we did, since our sayings and doings were rather too prominent for their comfort.

Moving Day seemed to us as important as the "first of May" can be to restless New Yorkers. We had carried our goods into our own chamber the night before, so that we could begin our work



betimes, without disturbing the rest of the household; and long before good, faithful Alice had begun to prepare breakfast, we were patterning up and down the attic stairs, and clearing a new house for our little people. The attic extended over the whole house, which was large and square; the roof was

nearly flat, and in the centre was a large cupola, which gave plenty of light below, while the walls upholding it were much higher than in the regions beyond.

This centre space was the spot chosen for our settlement. It was about as large as a good-sized room, and there was nothing in our way but the stairs on one side, and on the other the steps leading upon the roof. We selected the places most remote from these passage ways, and began to make arrangements for building. Our new houses were, however, much more elaborate, and of much slower growth than the first ones we built. Our work was interrupted daily by what we then considered the comparatively unnecessary recurrence of meal-times, school duties, and errands for the family below, besides the occasional care of Mary's baby-sister, who soon

learned to coax the nurse to take her "up garret," where she would sit for a long time watching our motions, without troubling us in any way.

As the few blocks we had used down-stairs would make but a small show in our extended space, we made several expeditions to a neighboring house which was then being built, and in the cellar of which, amidst heaps of soft and fragrant shavings, we found a rich store of blocks of all shapes and sizes. We also secured each two large smooth pine boards, about a yard long, and half a yard wide, which we used as floor and roof in our houses. A great number of small blocks of uniform size served for fences, partitions, and stairs; admirable cradles were found in pieces of rounded and grooved stair-railing, and Mary discovered a solid square of mahogany which we both at once proclaimed a bureau. Another piano was secured, and many fanciful pieces of wood came into play as antique chairs, and other ornamental furniture. Besides the large ground floor of our houses, we inclosed a considerable space on every side for a garden and yard. The fence was built of the small blocks before mentioned, and larger ones indicated the gates. I will here say that what gave our toys more the air of real life was our habit of making our spools do as much as possible themselves. For instance, instead of taking them up in our hands and placing them where we wished them to be, we set them on the floor, and pushed them gently along in the right direction; they opened and shut doors and gates, stepped on each stair in ascending and descending, and trotted about very much like live people, guided only by our intelligent fingers. But to return to our houses. They were built and furnished nearly alike, though each of us often introduced changes and improvements, unknown at first to the other and intended as a great surprise. The buildings were not inclosed in front,—only at the back and sides,—and the rooms were divided by low partitions. Broad steps led up to the front hall, and a flight of outside stairs gave communication with the upper story. We were careful to introduce the fire-places and large chairs which had made the dolls' cupboard so cheerful, while our larger room, and ample store of blocks and chips, gave opportunity to improve upon our early attempts at carpentry and cabinet-making.

Our establishments gradually increased till they really became quite imposing structures.

Visitors at the house were often invited by my aunt to examine the wonders of the attic, and these occasions were generally followed by a

present of any uncommonly pretty spools of which our guests found themselves possessed on inspection of their work-boxes,—for our ambition with regard to our spool-people kept pace with the improvement of their dwellings. We were not at all satisfied with the motley group that had been hastily collected for us by the authorities below, and we often made secret explorations into work-bags and table drawers, to examine and choose among their treasures against the time when they should be “empty,” and our lawful prey. We engaged spools as soon as they came from the stores, and were so impatient for thread to disappear, that it was often found more comfortable to make a compromise and allow us to wind off the obnoxious material on to some ill-shaped reel, that we might be off at once with our possessions and our importunities. Through constant watchfulness on our own part, and by the gifts of obliging friends we soon had a curious and handsome variety, from which we selected our people to suit our mood. Each of us rejoiced in the ownership of an ivory spool. In this was always personified the beauty of the family; this was always the favorite child, delicate in health, gentle in disposition, with face of tender loveliness, surrounded, as by a halo, with long curls of golden hair. The baby was always a thimble; the young children were represented by small spools, and I never knew how small these are sometimes made till I hunted spools as a regular business; the young lady of the house was sure to be slender and shapely; the son was more robust in appearance; the mistress of the mansion was tall and stately, and the master, the largest and noblest spool we could find. We were very cosmopolitan in our tastes as regards color; indeed white spools were not in much favor, because they were generally unpolished. Sometimes the greater part of the family would be dark red; and in case of their going into mourning, they were all exchanged for black spools of corresponding size. We employed our homely and superabundant specimens in domestic service, and I fear our views of the true relation between master and servant were very erroneous, as we took great delight in scolding and beating our inferior people. The punishment for misbehavior was intrusted to the master of the house, and consisted generally in a vigorous pounding of the unfortunate delinquent by that substantial personage, which generally resulted in literally *breaking the head* of the servant. After a few inflictions, the spool thus operated upon became crippled, so that it could not stand alone, nor carry the thim-

ble-baby on its head; it was then cast aside, and another of the “common herd” substituted. The spools kept for this purpose were those which had formerly held colored cotton; rough, *chunky* spools which we were not anxious to preserve, and of which we were always sure of a plentiful supply.

Instead of establishing an entirely imaginary society of fictitious characters, we chose to represent two families of our acquaintance, whose domestic life seemed to us very pleasant, and in whose members we took an especial interest. Mary chose the family of Mr. Whiting, and I that of Mr. Fitch. Mr. Whiting was a tall, slender black spool, to answer to that gentleman's figure and his black hair and beard; Mrs. Whiting was a small red spool, as that lady was little of stature; the oldest son, Cleveland, whose face was as regular in feature as a Greek's, was a bright yellow spool, one of our rarest specimens, and the only yellow spool I ever saw; Anna, the noble, generous elder daughter, was as graceful in form as the original; Charlie, a wild, mischievous boy, was of a dark warlike red; Henry, a most beautiful child, was the precious ivory spool; and Nelly, the baby, was represented by a silver thimble. My Mr. Fitch was a noble white spool, because that worthy clergyman's hair was really of a snowy white; Mrs. Fitch was chosen from my choicest specimens, to shadow forth that lady's gentle goodness; Frances, the eldest child, was a slender, polished spool, answering to her small but perfect features; then came the twins, Charles and Julian, as unlike in their representatives as in reality: Charlie, fair-haired and quiet, being the ivory spool; and Zooloo, as Julian was called, being a brilliant red spool, recalling his bold black eyes and glowing cheeks. There was also Margaret, the lovely little baby, appearing here as a silver thimble. Numerous men-servants and maid-servants completed the households; and to make all these personages act in conformity with their characters and circumstances was the great business of our play. If any of the members of these families now living should happen to see and recognize their names and descriptions in this story, I trust they will pardon the liberty in the compliment implied by our choice of them as our childish ideals of home society.

After a while, we began to regret that our spool-people could not be adorned with fine apparel, as our long forsaken dolls had been. At last it occurred to us to ornament the heads of our ladies with feathers instead of bonnets. Forthwith we scampered down-stairs to the hen-house, to pick up whatever brilliant feathers our

biddies might have been kind enough to shed. But there were many inconveniences attending this pursuit, and we soon preferred pinching and squeezing the pillows on the various beds for rare specimens. Of course many feathers obtained in this way were rejected as unsuitable, but we were often repaid by the acquisition of graceful wavy plumes, some of silvery gray, and others of brighter hues, which were prettier than any we



had ever seen on living goose or hen. Good, tidy Alice made such loud complaints against our habit of disturbing the pillows, that we were fain to conduct our enterprise in secret; but we gradually amassed a rich variety of feathers, so that each lady had a head-dress suitable for every change of season and circumstance.

Being now provided with sufficient finery, it became proper for our spools to go abroad to display it; so we gave them frequent drives on long blocks, which we drew about the attic with a string. Very fine they looked, seated in rows, with the children in front, and the long plumes of the ladies floating over the sides of the carriage! About this time too we built a church, wherein our two gentlemen, being clergymen, officiated by turns, while their families sat in long pews on opposite sides of the aisle. The conduct of the children was made to accord with what we had seen and known in real life. The youngest darling was placed at the end of the seat beyond "Mamma," and the rest of the little folks were judiciously sprinkled in amongst their elders, to avoid combination in mischief. It was accounted a great privilege to sit by the door of the pew, and frequent excursions to the furnace in the aisle were necessary to give variety, and warm chilled feet. True to my natural fondness for music, I very

early built an organ, and established a choir, in which my Miss Frances was the principal singer.

But time and space would fail me to tell of the minutiae of our beloved play; how all that we heard and saw in the great world was reproduced, with ludicrous exactness, in our life above stairs; what serious instruction was given to the children by their elders; what anxiety and care was manifested in various sicknesses and accidents with which the monotony of daily events was enlivened; and how our individual tastes and dispositions appeared in our management of these puppets, though we did not recognize the revelations, and no one else was at hand to make comments.

This amusement lasted us through the whole summer. Our older friends wondered what we could find in it so satisfactory, and as for those of our own age, we seldom invited them to the attic, and never took them into our counsels, because they only interrupted our affairs without receiving any particular enjoyment from the contemplation of what was so new to them.

Now that my cousin Mary is dead and gone, I feel a melancholy pleasure in remembering that, though our characters were naturally so dissimilar, in this one thing, at least, we were inseparable and devoted; this little world we shared in common, and no other person had any foothold therein.

As summer grew into autumn, and the shortened days and colder atmosphere threatened to forbid our visits to the attic, we began to think of suspending our play for the winter, for our ideas had grown altogether too large to allow us to return to the narrow limits of the dolls' cupboard.



But about that time events occurred which separated us for more than a year, and introduced me to new scenes during the interval. Before going away I packed up my choicest spools and put them in what I considered a safe place; but before I returned, the sharp eyes and busy fingers of little Pussy had discovered the hoard, and I could never collect my treasures again. Besides,

our blocks had been removed, and other occupations had arisen to interest us, till we looked back upon the old amusement as one of the childish things which we had put away.

But its pleasant memories still remained, and once, in talking over those days, we resolved to try to bring them back by resuming the play. I was then thirteen years old, and Mary nearly twelve; but we did not realize the change which four years had wrought in our thoughts and feelings, and imagined that we could restore the old happiness by the old means.

So we gathered blocks and barks, and fashioned our houses with all the improvements which our more cultivated tastes could suggest. I fear, however, that our opinions had not yet become as liberal as they ought to have been, for we appropriated a certain green fire-board from Alice's chamber, for the ground on which to build, without consulting the occupant of the room. When she discovered the absence of the fire-board, she demanded its restitution, which we refused, and so the case went to the higher powers, who at once decided that we should restore the property, and not presume in future to meddle with our neighbor's goods.

We gave Alice many black looks for a few days, but as she had triumphed in our dispute she could well afford to receive them in a philosophical spirit.

Good old Alice! After many years of absence and silence, she came last summer to see my aunt's sister (my aunt has long been dead), and burst into tears as soon as the door was opened for her; then, between weeping and laughing, she told the story of her life since she left us, and begged to know all about each member of the family she had loved so well.

I forget what people Mary chose to represent

in our second attempt, but I know I selected the principal characters in Mrs. Sherwood's "Roxobel," which I had just been reading; my mansion had the words "Helmsley Hall" printed in large black letters upon its tall gateway; and my young lady of the family was now the sentimental Miss Lucy of the novel.

But it would not do. Beyond the pleasure afforded by the fancy that I was carrying out in my building the architectural details of an English manor-house, I could feel no enthusiasm in my employment, and Mary owned with me our failure. It was of no use to try to revive the feelings of the good old days; the enchantment was outgrown — "the light that never was on sea or shore" had faded from that scene of early happiness, and we left the attic with saddened hearts, and a new experience of the changes of this mortal life.



THE DOLLS' LECTURE.

READERS of the May number of our Magazine will remember how the grandfather, in the story of "One of Twenty Questions," was left in the lurch by the children when he undertook to give them a little lecture. He pretended to be about lecturing their dolls, really meaning that the children should hear also; "but hardly," he says, "am I installed in my professional chair, when my four rogues, escaping like a flight of partridges, leave me alone, with open mouth, be-

fore my little pasteboard audience." Let us hear how he gets the rogues back again.

It must be confessed that I, in my great arm-chair, looked like a thoroughly astonished grandpapa. After all, I did not feel mortified.

The dolls of the present day play a very important part in families. They are treated like great personages; they have furnished houses, beds with curtains, dinner-sets and tea-sets, a

complete wardrobe, morning dresses, evening dresses, and hats according to the season; they have their furnishing shops, their glovers, and their dress-makers. I know one shoemaker who works only for dolls. I have seen dolls' portemonnaies and dolls' money. Why should they not have the means of paying a school-master?

Dolls' school-master! That is the very part which I was at that moment playing!

My pupils, whom I had known for a long time, were ten in number, nine dolls and a soldier. Three of them, Bijoute, Artemisia, and a certain Indian princess, called Zelmaïda, belonged to little Helen.

Zelmaïda had this peculiarity: Formerly, when I had the honor of offering her to her present

mistress, she had on her head a coronal of small blue and red feathers, with a circle of pearls; she now wears a little Norman cap, which takes away somewhat from her oriental air.

Besides her favorite, Zephirine, a doll of a fine figure and elegant manners, Emily counted among my pupils Cocotte, Frivoletta, Colembredaine, and Pistache. The last two seemed, it is true, to be servants of the other three; then, too, Emily had "la Vergnate," whose costume was exactly copied from that of the peasant women of Puy-de-Dôme. Although "la Vergnate," or, to speak more correctly, "l'Auvergnate," was a simple village maiden, her mistress treated her with much respect, doubtless on account of her honesty. My tenth and last pupil, a Zouave by



profession, wore wide trousers, which stood out finely, a red cap stuck just above one ear, short cut hair, and black, bristling moustaches; he said "Pap," when you squeezed him, and answered to the name of Francis.

This soldier was in the service of Fernando.

Such was the aspect of my class. My nephew Maurice, as you will readily believe, thought too well of himself to have a representative in it.

Nevertheless, I had hardly the courage to begin my lesson. Who would have profited by it?

My flight of partridges had taken refuge in the court-yard, which was then lighted by such pale sunshine as often comes before a change of weather, and I saw them from the window, running, skipping, and jumping the rope.

Suddenly the sky grew dark, some flakes of snow began to fall; a window was opened, and a sweet voice was heard, the voice of my daughter, which said, — "Come in, children; come in quickly!"

The screams and laughter of my four deserters soon filled the hall, and then the stair-way; then the same screams and laughter, after having been repeated for some minutes from room to room, came nearer, and resounded in the room next to that where I was still sitting with my pupils, the dolls.

At once addressing the young ladies, Bijoute, Zephirine, Colembredaine, and the rest, as if I were going on with my lesson, I said, — "Since you approve of my method of instruction, dear

pupils, we will begin by telling the story of the great fairy" —

And in a louder voice, I resumed :—

"THERE WAS ONCE UPON A TIME" —

At these words all the noise in the next room ceased. They were certainly listening. I went on :—

"There was once a great fairy, named Gigogne. Remember this name, young ladies, and you, too, Mr. Zouave. You have probably heard of her; but how little you know of this queen of the fairies, the spouse of the powerful enchanter Parafaragamus! Remember this name also — if you can!"

In the next room I heard a whispering — "Para-gara-raga-rafa;" then a little sunny head appeared, smiling, at the door.

It was little Helen, who, gliding silently along by the wall, went and sat down on the carpet, before her drawer of dolls' clothes.

A moment after it was Fernando's turn to show himself. I pretended not to notice their presence.

Emily then apostrophized me from the next room: "Grandpa, is not your lesson finished yet? I need Zephirine and Vergnate."

"Silence! Don't interrupt!" cried I. But, perceiving her already on the threshold — "You can come in; if you wish your daughters to profit by my lessons, they must have mistresses to repeat them to them. You and your sister Helen will be just the ones for this business."

"Yes, grandpa, I am very willing," replied Emily.

"I am willing, too," repeated Helen.

Fernando picked up his Zouave, who, having fallen on his right side, was in a very unmilitary position, and all three took their places near me.

"As for Maurice," said I, "if he were here" —

"M'uncle! do you want anything?" said Maurice, appearing suddenly, like Jack-in-the box.

"My lad, in consideration of your age, and the proofs of learning which you have this morning given us, I have reserved a place of honor for you; you shall be Professor number two, — my assistant."

"I? That is rather odd, but no matter! All right, m'uncle."

Here I think I ought to give a word of explanation.

"M'uncle," for "my uncle," was one of those abbreviations which children sometimes use, and Maurice had retained it, just as my pretty Fernando, whose great-uncle I was, called me "d'uncle." For a somewhat similar reason, Helen, the younger of my two granddaughters, although already quite a young lady, and able to read fluently, continued to be "baby Helen" for me.

My four fugitives were fairly taken in the snare which I had laid for them. The point now was not to let them go again.

"Where was I?" I resumed.

"At the story of the great fairy Gigogne," said Emily, quickly, "the wife of the powerful enchanter Paro — no, Para — no! Fara" —

"Exactly; Parafaragamus."

And I went on, feigning to address, not the monitresses, nor Professor number two, but the dolls.

FIRST SCHOOL-DAYS OF A LITTLE QUAKER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE three young ladies who had got into the Third Class so dishonestly, had been for a little while spurred up to do their duty, by their promises to Hester; but being really unprepared for the Third Class lessons, this soon became too hard work, and they fell back into their old ways.

One day Miss Bryce pounced in upon their arithmetic class in the unexpected way she always did, and everybody was instantly in a state of anxious attention. She began by calling Amelia Wicks to the blackboard, to do an example in Reduction of Fractions. Miss Wicks's

smartness carried her through somehow, and she went back triumphantly to her seat. Rosalie Greenbaum was called up next; her big fingers fumbled awkwardly with the chalk, and as Miss Bryce poured in rapid corrections, she made worse and worse work of it. Miss Bryce got out of all patience.

"Just stop. Just stop if you please, Rosalie Greenbaum, you don't understand one thing of what you are doing. I'll venture to say you can't give a single rule of those we have just been over. Give me the rule of to-day's lesson?"

Rosalie could not.

"I thought so. Any Fourth Class girl would recite better. It's my opinion you'd better change places with one."

"I'd like to see you put me back," muttered Rosalie, with a lowering look.

"No muttering. Go to your seat. Clementina Sizer to the board."

Rosalie took her time, managing to kick every bench, as she passed it on her way to her seat in the back row.

"Stop!" said Miss Bryce, in that stern voice which every girl who has heard it will remember so well. "Leave the room!"

"What?" said Rosalie, turning impudently.

"Leave the room!" again commanded Miss Bryce, "and be quick about it."

"I'm a-going," she returned carelessly.

Then she struck the coal-scuttle, and knocked it over. One or two girls giggled.

"Silence every girl!"

Nobody moved.

"The girl that makes the next sound shall go too."

One could have heard a pin drop.

Rosalie banged the door after her, and went down-stairs like a troop of horse. Miss Bryce held the class with her eye a moment, and then said, "Go on" to Sizer, at which all breathed again. Poor Clementina! It did not take two minutes to show that she was entirely ignorant of the whole subject of Fractions.

"Take your seat!" Miss Bryce said, without another word.

Miss Sizer did so, crying lustily, and with a terrible abuse of her poor pocket-handkerchief.

"Hester Ellwood to the board!"

Hester started. What did Miss Bryce mean by calling her up after those three? She was confused and frightened, all the more so because Miss Bryce still looked severe and stern. The figures she made swam before her eyes. She put her hand to her forehead, and strove to remember what she knew perfectly well how to do. But the confusion grew worse. How could she think in that dead silence? Then Miss Bryce said slowly, "So you can't do a simple example in Reduction of Fractions, either! Singular! Suppose *you* sit down."

Hester's face tingled. "I *do* know how," she said, in a smothered voice.

"Indeed! Then I suppose you don't care to exercise your knowledge for our benefit,—that is all! Take your seat."

Hester's eyes were so blinded by tears, that she could hardly get to it. For the remainder

of the lesson Miss Bryce did not notice her, nor did Hester move her eyes from the floor. Her thoughts were full of anger and resentment.

If Miss Bryce had been unjust to Hester in this instance, it must be remembered that she felt sure Hester was associated in some way with the girls who had given her so much offense. But Miss Bryce was a conscientious woman, if she was high-tempered; and that day, at recess, as she thought the whole matter over, she felt as if she might have been a little hard on a scholar hitherto so good, and she resolved then and there to seek Hester out and have a talk with her.

So Miss Bryce went leisurely down-stairs in her dignified way, and the girls made respectful way for her. She nodded about, and spoke pleasantly, and once or twice stopped a moment to talk with a favored group. Such an attention was always a little awful, and the girls drew their breath rather easier when she passed on, flattering though it was to have attracted her notice. You see she was a great personage to the Chester Street girls.

At this moment, little dreaming of what awaited her, Hester was expressing herself in a pretty loud and excited way to her knot of friends, concerning her treatment in the arithmetic class. The party was standing under one of the high-up windows of the class-room on the yard. Into this class-room came Miss Bryce, seeking her little pupil. Seated inside the class-room, at the next window to that under which Hester was talking, were Miss Wicks and her friends. Their backs were toward the door. The room was full of girls, and very noisy. Miss Bryce began talking to Miss Carman, the young Normal School teacher for the fortnight, of the Third Class. Above the noise she presently heard Hester's voice outside, "It was the meanest, meanest thing Miss Bryce ever did. She had no right to speak to me so. I never, never will like her again."

"Well now, Hester," said Tamsand's lower voice, "you must allow she was pretty mad to begin with, and had reason to be, and you didn't do that Reduction, whether you could or not."

"I don't care; I knew how, and I would have been all right if she hadn't—hadn't acted so that I—I kind o' lost my head, you know. Folks will lose their heads, you know."

"Acted so!" returned Tamsand; "she didn't act so to *you*; it was only to those other girls, and you know well enough that they are enough to provoke a saint. What did you go and take it to yourself for?"

"Yes, that's it! why did you, Hester?" said Kate Bicking.

"O now, girls, that's nice talk, that is," said Hester, reproachfully. "You know well enough she *meant* me. Hasn't she been doing it all along?"

"Yes, but then you know they've been with you; and though, as you say, the fondness has been all on their side, Miss Bryce couldn't be expected to know that," said Tamsand, very sensibly.

"Then she ought to, Tam," said Hester; "I guess I've got my character." And the little puss ruffled up so indignantly as she said this, that they all laughed.

"I guess ye'd better quieten the voices of ye's," remarked Kitty Connolly; "there are the lovely damsels ye're talking about, at the far window. The fair Clementina has allowed herself six extra doughnuts, on account of her sufferin's. And Rosalie's chewing away for dear loife! The price of liquorice-root will go up at Oliver's, won't it, Tammy?"

There was another burst of laughter from the girls at this sally.

"I don't care!" said Hester, for a final spurt of anger; "there's one thing that I will say loud enough for anybody to hear, — I don't care if She hears it," — and she raised her voice, — "I think Miss Bryce is mean, *mean*, MEAN! — and unjust!"

This did indeed reach the "far window," and brought out the three heads, and a chorus of applause.

"Good for you, Hetty! Stand up for your rights," cried Rosalie.

"Don't you give in! don't you ask her pardon, if she tries to make you!" advised Miss Wicks.

"Yes iddeed, Hetty!" screamed poor stupid Sizer, forgetting caution and common sense, in her excitement, "Hold up your head, ad Be ad Rose ad 'Beel will stad up for you — we'll fix her dext exabida" — here Amelia gave her a violent jerk, pulling down her arm with which she had given one flourish to a small bunch of keys.

"Can't you hold your tongue, you fool!" said she, angrily, and turned to look who might have heard inside the room.

Miss Bryce was at her elbow.

"Go you three girls up to Class-room B," said she, with quiet sternness; "Miss Carman, be good enough to attend them." Then looking out the window, — "Hester Ellwood, join the

party going up-stairs to Class-room B; Tamsand and Kate, go with her."

She stalked up-stairs herself, and rang the bell to close the recess.

The affair of the arithmetic recitation, and the scene in the yard following, and the fact that certain parties had been sent to one of the Normal School class-rooms, flew instantly from mouth to mouth, with all sorts of exaggerations and additions. It was in vain to look for any further news from Miss Bryce's face; it was as immovable as usual, and the classes were dismissed to their various recitations without any satisfaction.

Then Miss Bryce and Miss Crawes went together to Class-room B, and were met there by Doctor Whitney of the Normal School. Seating themselves in front of the girls, Miss Bryce began.

"Doctor Whitney, Miss Crawes and I have been for a long time feeling very confident that there were underhand proceedings carried on by certain parties during examination, — underhand, not to say dishonest. We have done our best to discover what these practices were, but without success. To-day I think we have got a clew to the mystery. Clementina Sizer, stand forward. Show me the bunch of keys in your pocket. Amelia Wicks, go from behind her, and take that chair yonder! We'll see what she can say for herself. Now show me those keys."

Clementina put one fat, be-ringed hand in her pocket, and drew forth the bunch.

"They're *by* keys, they're *bide*, they are!" she blubbered. "They belong to *by* trunk, ad *by* jewelry box, ad *by* bureau drawers, ad *by* —"

"Never mind, child!" said Miss Crawes, impatiently, as Miss Bryce examined the bunch. "Nobody is going to keep your keys."

"Answer me, now, a few questions," said Miss Bryce, "and you may do better for yourself than you think. Tell the truth, if you want to be forgiven."

"Forgiven!" burst out Amelia Wicks, not able to sit quiet, and run the risk of Clementina's blabbing everything. "Do you hear that, Clemmy? What would your pa say to hear you begging folks to 'forgive' you?"

"Silence!" said Doctor Whitney, in astonishment at such a daring interruption, — "why, girl — girl! Silence, I say!"

Amelia muttered to herself, while Clemmy cried noisily in her pocket-handkerchief. Miss Bryce began again.

"Listen to me, Clementina!" —

"O! please," blubbered the girl, "I did dot

begid it, — I was put up to it — it wasn't be that udlocked — Mrs. Gallop — by pa, O! — they're by keys — Hester — O! — O! — O!"

In vain Miss Bryce, and Miss Crawes, and the Doctor, each tried to get a sensible answer from her. What with her fright and her crying, she was beyond understanding. So she was sent back to her seat, and Rosalie Greenbaum called on.

"Do you know anything about this bunch of keys?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you know what Clementina meant about 'fixing' me next examination?"

"No."

"O!" said Hester, softly.

Miss Bryce darted a look at her, and said "Umph!" very meaningly. Her next question was, — "Did you ever know Hester Ellwood to cheat in an examination?"

At this Rosalie glanced at Amelia uneasily, hesitated, and then said, — "It's not for one scholar to tell on another."

Miss Wicks's eyes showed a gleam of triumph at the cleverness of this answer. Another "O!" burst from Hester.

"Indeed!" said Miss Bryce. "That will do."

"Rather too much conscience in that," remarked Miss Crawes aside to the Doctor.

"Hester Ellwood, stand up," Miss Bryce went on. "Do you know anything about these keys?"

"No, Miss Bryce, I can't say I do, — exactly."

"Exactly!" what do you mean by that?"

"Well" — Hester hesitated — "I meant that — that I didn't know anything about those keys just — but perhaps I knew what — what" —

"What? Out with it."

"What she meant by what she did with them."

"What did she mean? Come, Hester, you used to be a truthful little girl before you got into wrong company. Now I won't ask you questions; I simply ask you to tell me what is at the bottom of all this business, if you know it, and I think you do."

"O yes!" cried Hester, eagerly.

"Well, tell it!"

"O! Miss Bryce, you must ask me!"

"Ask you? I do ask you. Tell us immediately all you know about the keys and the examinations; and I put it on your honor not to keep back anything, as you hope to be restored in the estimation of the teachers who used to think well of you."

So upon this Hester drew a long breath, and, although with a good deal of fluttering of heart and shaking of voice, managed to relate the long concealed story of her discovery of the robbed desk. As she went on, it became plain to Miss Wicks that there was now no hope of successfully lying out of it, nor to declare, as she had meant to do as a last resort, that Hester was one of their party, and had made up this story of being locked in, to shield herself from blame. Truth shone on Hester's face as she spoke, and there was not a person present who did not believe at once every word of her straightforward tale.

When she got through, Miss Bryce said, "I don't think we need go any further, Doctor, in our examination."

"No," said the old gentleman very heartily, "the whole truth is out this time, that is pretty plain. Come here: what is your name? Hester Ellwood? Good old Quaker name; let me shake hands with you for an honest little girl. You did very well, very well. But next time you'll know better than to think it is your duty to keep a bad secret." He patted her head.

Then Miss Bryce shook hands with her, and Miss Crawes kissed her. Miss Bryce said she was sorry to have misunderstood her, but they would be good friends now. Then she and Tamsand and Kate were told to go back to their classes.

In the entry the three girls began to hug each other, and dance about, and exclaim, in loud and excited whispers, "O, did you ever!" "Wasn't it, though!" "How dreadful!" "Is it really true?" "Hester, how could you?" — and in every way gave full vent to their feelings, which had been kept back so long.

"Ain't it a load off my mind, though?" cried happy Hester. "I feel as if I could fly, — just fly!"

Their faces were so full of something wonderful when they got to the school-room, that the teacher was obliged very soon to say, "No whispering." After dismissal, however, the whole school had the story, and Hester found herself obliged to answer a thousand questions. The three culprits were seen no more that day. The next morning it was announced from the desk that Amelia Wicks and Rosalie Greenbaum were "suspended;" but that Clementina Sizer would be allowed another trial. The poor girl came back next day, and took her place at the foot of the Fourth Class, for her father refused to allow

her to leave. She cried a good deal at first, but the girls were very kind to her, especially Hester and her set (who, perhaps, mingled a little triumph in their benevolence), and I am glad to say that in time she became a very passable scholar with honest study, and was respected in the school when she left it.

Hester became a little conceited from being made so much of, and brought on herself, on ac-

count of it, a private warning from Miss Bryce, and one from her mother, after which she was observed to be much improved. A couple of years afterwards she went into the Normal School, and I heard her read an essay at the exhibition when she graduated. It contained this sentence, "When we are vain of our own virtue, it is then we are in the greatest danger of sinning."

LUCKY'S VISITOR.

BY ANNE SILVERNAIL.

IN August, Lucky's cousin Frank came with his mother, to make a visit at grandma's. When they drove up to the gate, Lucky's tame crow, which was perched on the picket fence, stretched his head forward, and flapping his wings, cawed a hearty welcome.

"O mother!" cried Frank, "is that Lucky's dove?" His mother had not time to answer, for grandma and all the aunts and uncles, and some little cousins, came running out, and there was such a noisy and joyful welcome that the crow was fairly outdone.

Lucky immediately took possession of Frank; and before supper they had been to the early sweet-apple-tree, and to the choke-cherry bushes behind the house. After tea, as Franky was tired from his journey, he was sent straight to bed; but the little boys had the promise that they should sleep together after the first night.

It would take quite a large book to tell all the wonderful things they did in the two weeks that Franky stayed; so I can recount only a few of their exploits. They fished, long half days, up and down the Dick Machine Brook, and came home tired and muddy, with two or three little trout. Franky's mother forbade his going near the deep places in the river; but that did not trouble the little boys, for it was greater fun to fish for chubs in the shallow water, where they could see swarms of them squabble for the bait. They had glorious hunts for hens' eggs in the great, rambling barns and sheds; and, as it was harvest time, they had many rides on the loads of grain. After tea they tumbled on the grass in the door-yard; and then Ida, Lolo, and Charlie joined in their plays. Rainy days all the books and playthings were brought out, and Frank read Lucky's "Mr. Wind and Madam

Rain." They looked through Lucky's kaleidoscope, and his drummer-boy was made to drum till he must have been tired. Once Frank was turning him round and round, to wind him up, and handled the toy rather roughly, when Lucky exclaimed, "Now Franky, don't do so! I want to keep that to 'member grandpa by. He gave it to me, and I may have a little boy to give it to sometime." Frank was good-natured, and after that was more careful.

They played Hide-and-seek in the house, and then Ida and Lolo enjoyed it as much as the boys. Lolo, running up-stairs to hide, would call out before she was half-way up, "I'm going to hide under a bed!" and when she was hidden, she would scream, "Coop! coop!" till somebody found her. When they were tired of this, they went up in the garret and overhauled a chest full of old "Harper's Weeklies," and wondered over the pictures in them,—the battles, and forts, and big guns.

Often, in pleasant days, when they were running about the orchard or garden, Lucky's tame crow would alight on their hats, and ride along, cawing, and talking in his queer gibberish. Sometimes he would hide things in the boys' pockets, and then pat the pocket with his foot, to make sure his treasure was covered up; and once, when they gave him a bit of bread crust that was too hard, he flew off to a watering-trough, and after dipping it in, hid it in a crack till it was soft enough, when he swallowed it.

One day Lucky's father gave them a large, green pumpkin, to make a jack-lantern or "jank lantern," as Franky called it. All the afternoon they wrought on it, and had it done so long before dark, that they could not wait till then to try the effect of a candle in it; so they lugged it

into the darkest corner of the cellar, and invited everybody to come down and be frightened. After supper, while Franky's mother and their aunts were in the sitting-room without a light, the "jank-lantern" came glaring at them around the edge of the open door in a very mysterious and awful manner; and for a long time it bobbed about in the yard, first on one boy's head and then the other's, frightening the cats, and making Billy bark as if he was crazy. Finally, they set it in the middle of the kitchen table, and crowned it with an old battered stove-pipe hat, and leaning on their elbows near it, admired it

with their brother Benjamin through the picturesque windings of the Upper Valley. They spent a delightful afternoon on the rocks in the gorge, at the foot of the Lower Falls, and stayed so late, that it was dusk when they reached home. Then, nobody could sit down to the nice supper that was prepared, because Frank and Lucky were missing. They had been getting clay stones in the river bank, but had returned home, when Frank asked grandma where his mother was gone. Then they went out of the house, but nobody else saw them, and nobody knew which way they had taken.

It was soon made sure that they were not at Lucky's home, or at any of the near neighbors; and Frank's mother, and Lucky's father, set out to follow the Dick Machine Brook up from the river. Somebody had seen boys that looked like Frank and Lucky, fishing there late in the afternoon. Benjamin saddled Jenny, and leaping on her back, flew off at full gallop on the South Valley road. Grandma walked up and down before the house, anxious and excited. Aunt Gitty and Aunt Dorcas went round the turn of the road, to the boys' "chubbing holes." It was dark and still down there under the butternuts; and it seemed an awful thought that their pleasant little faces might be lying, changed and cold, under the clear water. One of the neighbors visited all the swimming places, to see if their clothes were there, but no traces of them could be found. Meanwhile, a far-off, lonesome sound,



till bed-time, when of course it had to light them to bed.

The little boys had one misadventure just before Frank went home. There was to be an excursion one day to the Upper Valley Falls, but it rained in the forenoon, so the horses were not brought round till after dinner, when it cleared off. Then Lucky and Frank had gone off to play, and could not be found without taking too much time; so they were left, much to the regret of Frank's mother, and her sisters, Aunt Gitty and Aunt Dorcas, who had a pleasant ride

floated down to them from the eastern hills. It was Frank's mother's voice, calling him. Suddenly the thought came to Aunt Dorcas that the little boys had followed the wagon, and not knowing where it turned off into the woods at the Lower Falls, had gone by to the Upper Falls, where they had waited for it to come along, till they were belated; and, since Benjamin did not return, she was sure he had found some trace of them in that direction. She went back to the house with Aunt Gitty, and grandma was so certain that her impression was right, that Aunt

Gitty took the great conch, which served for a dinner-horn, and going out in the road, blew a blast that echoed and reëchoed among the hills.

In a few minutes Benjamin came riding back, and said the boys were coming! Hardly stopping to say that, he darted past, like a white ghost in the dusk, to go and meet Frank's mother and Lucky's father with the good news.

Aunt Dorcas had disappeared before the conch was blown; and after Benjamin had passed, Aunt Gitty ran up the road to meet the boys. About a quarter of a mile away she met them with Aunt Dorcas, who was walking with her arm around them. It was a chilly evening, and she had taken off her shawl and wrapped it about their shoulders. Lucky was crying, and Aunt Dorcas too.

The little boys said they thought they would follow the wagon, and get a ride home; but they did not meet the wagon, so they stopped at a house, and waited for it to come along, till it was as late as they dared to stay. They had walked nearly eight miles in all, and were weary and footsore.

"I wished," said Lucky, "there was a machine that could go between you and us, and tell what we wanted each other to know."

Before they reached the gate they were met by a crowd, and escorted into the house with great rejoicings. Frank's mother had him beside her at table, and could hardly keep her eyes off him. She said, "I'm so glad to see the dear old darling, bless him! Why, mother thought she had lost her boy!"



Lucky's picture of Benjamin on horseback meeting the boys.

Lucky was installed in his favorite place beside Aunt Dorcas; and on one side of his plate was a dish of white clover honey, and on the other, one of blackberries and cream, and Franky had the same. By and by, as they became more rested and less hungry, they could laugh over their misfortune, and they told how afraid they were when it grew dark. Frank said that when they came to the lonesome school-house, with its dark windows, and the dense grove of pines behind it, Lucky said, "What if ghosts should come?" and I said, "O fiddle take the ghosts!" and then Lucky said, "Now they'll be sure to come, because you swore."

When everybody had laughed at that, Lucky told how Franky cried and ran, when a whip-

poor-will suddenly sang out sharp and shrill in the bushes close by them.

That night, after they were in bed, Aunt Gitty went into their room to take away the light; and Lucky was telling Frank how a little boy once told him that perhaps all the folks in the world would die, and then he meant to have a great farm with everything on it, and Lucky might live with him. Lucky said to Frank, — "What if it was true?" and then he indulged in more, "What if's," with regard to what he and Frank would do if they were the only ones left.

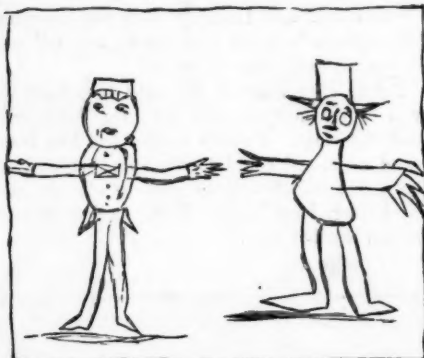
Aunt Gitty asked, "What would you do for something to eat?"

"O! we'd go round to all the houses."

"But," said Aunt Gitty, "the rats and mice

would soon eat all the food in the houses, and I hope you don't think it would be nice to have no people in the world. It isn't half full yet. There is room for a great many more."

"O!" said Lucky, "do you want the world black with folks,—all with stove-pipe hats on?"



Portraits of the rival Presidential Candidates.

Aunt Gitty said, No, she would not care to have everybody adorned in that way; but did

Lucky really want everybody to die,—his papa, and mamma, and little sisters?

"O fie!" said Lucky, "I was only in fun."

The day before Franky went home, he wrote to one of his playmates. His mother told him it was not worth while, for they would be at home before the letter could get there; but Frank had set his heart on writing, and this is his letter:—

DEAR TOMP i have come home i come home saterday while i was gone to the Vally i went over to see my cousinouin

FRANK MIDDLETON.

He promised to write to Lucky after his return home, and here is the first letter that came:—

DEAR LUCKY I got home savelly only one thing happened us our trunks were locked up in the depot and the stage was cram jam Full Just to Think 24 pasinggers in One stage and Only 4 horses to draw we past the ethen alln and Mollynoux and went on the States All of the wonders I saw are an ancor Yours Respectfully

FRANK MIDDLETON.

He inclosed pictures in his letters, and little



books made of letter-paper. Only one of the little books had anything written in it, but the names looked very fine on the covers. One was entitled "Adventures of General Grant," another, "Life of Frank Middleton." A "recete book" had this one receipt, which ought to be good with so much sweetening,—

GINGER SNAPS. Half a pound of ginger, 1. coup of flour, 4 cups of molassiss.

Among the pictures he sent were portraits of

the rival candidates in the presidential election, and the one who could not have Franky's father's vote was made as ugly as possible. His hair was always rough, and he was allowed no buttons on his coat, no coat-collar or coat-tails, while his rival was dressed in the highest style of Franky's art. But his favorite subject was the band of musicians, which he had seen at flag-raising and in torch-light processions. He fairly reveled in this, and almost every letter brought

a long row of fiddlers, drummers, and horn-blowers. After his school commenced, the letters and pictures became fewer, but his mother's letters gave glowing accounts of his industry in his studies; and it was only a few months after he wrote those queerly spelled letters, that this astonishing, but almost perfectly spelled story came, and with it an illustration:—

THE DRUNKEN GIANT AND THE WIZARD.

There was once a giant, who often got Drunk and would kill everybody he met. But once when he was slaughtering some men that had Fallen under His hands, and Before he Had killed All the unhappy men. He happened to see A wizard advancing toward him. When the wizard, had Approached him He said to the giant who was on friendly terms with the wizard, who spoke thus. why Dost thou kill thy Friends, men. At these words the giant left the men. And raised his club at the wizard, and the wizard, raised his scimitar at the giant And After A Fierce struggle the wizard managed To kill the Dreadful Barbarian And then he unbound the

men. And ordered them to Fling the giant into the sea. this was Done In scotland At the Long sought Land of the Moon.



THE END.

THE STORY OF A BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

It happens frequently that readers of our Magazine pay a visit to the "Riverside Press," where it is made. They are taken through the buildings, and shown the different processes of manufacture; they see busy people in every room, and hear machinery rushing and little bells ringing; and after a three hours' walk, sit down in chairs in the Editor's room, it may be, quite exhausted, and waiting for the next horse-car. There is no better way to become acquainted with the making of books, than to go carefully through a large establishment, where everything is done, from setting of type to binding of the printed sheets; but there are thousands of our friends whom we never can have the pleasure of seeing here, and for these we propose to describe briefly in this and successive numbers, what kind of work goes on in a printing-office, stereotype foundry, and bindery,—in a word, to tell THE STORY OF A BOOK, from the time the manuscript goes into the printer's hands, until it comes

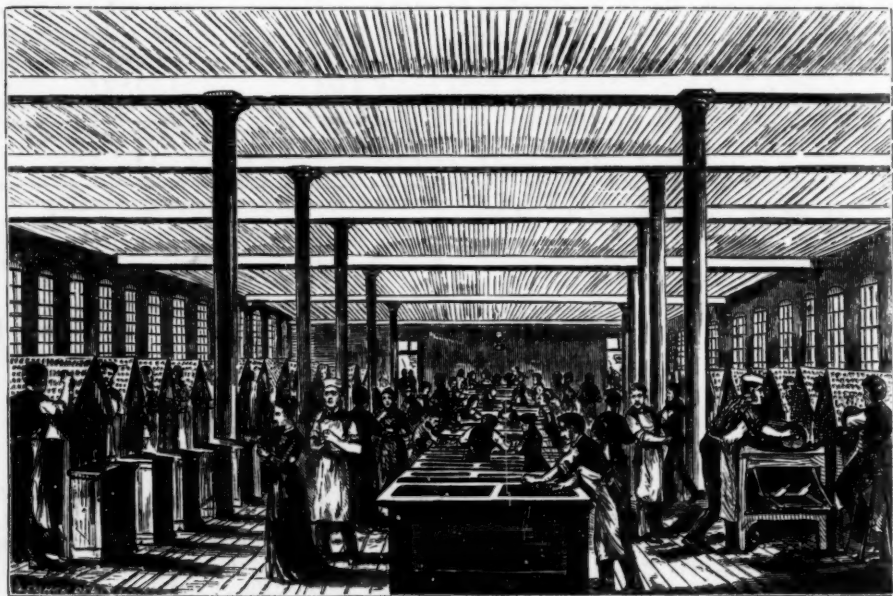
out printed and bound, ready to have written on the fly-leaf, "Charley, from his affectionate Uncle, Horace." It will be easiest to take this very number of the Magazine which you are at this moment reading, and watch it as it grows.

The Editor then, when he is ready to begin on the August number, takes the first article on "The Sun," which is plainly written out by the author, and reads it over, to see if a comma here and there may not be needed, very much as you go over your composition, for a few final touches; he knows that there are two illustrations to accompany the article, so he fastens a copy of each picture on the manuscript, where it belongs; and now the *copy*, as manuscript for the printer is called, is ready. He carries it into the Composition Room, where men and women are setting type, and gives it to the Foreman, who stands at a desk, from which he can see the whole room; his desk is under the clock, which you see at the far end. This is his room, and it is his

business to give out work to the various compositors, as the men, women, boys, and girls, who set type, are called. He watches over everything in the place, sees that every one has plenty to do, and keeps account of what they do. The Foreman gives the copy of the article on "The Sun" to one of the men, and directs him to set it up.

You notice at the sides of the room the rows of stands, that look in our picture not unlike pews of a church. Let us suppose that the first man on the left-hand side, standing with his hand raised, is setting this article on "The Sun;" really

he is not, — the man who sets the Magazine articles is behind one of the stands at the right, about half-way down, but we cannot see him. This compositor then takes the copy, and puts it where he can see the written page easily, upon the slanting desk in front of him, which holds his *cases*, as the shallow boxes are called which, divided into compartments, contain the type that is used. Each compositor has two cases: the upper one, containing capital letters, dashes, braces, and the like; the lower one, which is nearer to his hand, containing the small letters, and the common marks of punctuation. The upper case



Composition Room.

has ninety-eight little compartments, for the different kinds of type; the lower case has fifty-four boxes, and the diagram on the opposite page will show how they are arranged.

You will observe here that the letters are not placed in alphabetical order, and some of the boxes are larger, and therefore contain more type than others. The reason of this is that some letters of the alphabet are used oftener than others, and these are placed in the largest boxes, nearest the hand of the compositor. The letter *e* is the one that occurs oftenest, and this has the largest box, and requires the compositor's hand to travel the least distance; *a*, *i*, *o*, *n*, *s*, come

next. The box below *h* contains *spaces*, that is, bodies of type, without any heads, that are set up between words, to keep them apart. Thus, after the compositor has set the first word in the Sun article — WHEN, the letters of which he takes from the upper case, he places a space before he sets up the word *we*.

A great many who read this paper have seen types; but to some it may be necessary to say that they are made of lead, about three quarters of an inch in length, and as thick as the letter which they bear, raised at the end of the type. Each type, in fact, is a stamp, and when arranged in words and sentences, the whole mass of type

makes a great stamp for printing on white paper, as we shall see. Those who have access to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, will find a good deal that is interesting upon this subject, under the word *type*.

Now the compositor, standing before his case, which is well filled with type, and having the copy spread out before him on the upper case, takes his *stick* in hand, and begins work. The "composing stick" is a metallic box about seven inches long, and two wide, and wanting a front; it is not quite as deep as a type is long; the bottom, back, and right-hand side are stationary; the left hand side can be moved, but before the compositor goes to work, is fixed in place, so as, in this instance, to make the length of the box exactly that of a line on this column. He

holds the stick in his left hand, and takes out of the case a *quad*, or type without any head, which he places upright in the right-hand corner of his stick; next he adds a capital W; then a small capital H, an E, and an N; now he has finished one word, and he puts in a space, or thin quadrat, to keep *when* from the next word, which is made up of *w* and *e*, out of the lower case; another space is put in, and he sets the word *contemplate*, taking one letter at a time; and when he has finished the second *the* in the line, his line of type exactly occupies the length of his stick. You will observe that he has set the line backward; why this is you will easily see by turning the page we have been speaking of face down; what is now on the left becomes on the right; and if you think of the type, arranged as we have

&	fl	ff	fi	j	k		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
,													5m space	9
!	b	c		d		e	i		s		f	g	4m space	0
?														
z	l	m		n		h	o		y	p	,	w	n quad.	m quad.
x														
q	v	u		t		3m space	a		r		;	:		quadrat.

shown, you will see that the left hand of the paper will press upon the right hand of the type. He now takes the next line in the same way, after putting in a *lead*, or thin piece of metal, to increase the space between the two lines; then the third line; and when he has set twelve lines, which happens in this case to be the first paragraph, his stick is full, and he carefully removes this body of type on to a long board a little wider than the column, and from two to three feet long, called a *galley*. The galley has a raised edge, to keep the type in place. So he goes on, filling his stick, and then removing the stick full to the galley, until the galley is full, when he fills another galley.

But after he has set up enough matter to make two or three pages of the Magazine, he makes up

the long strips of matter into pages, adding headline and number of the page; in the case of this Magazine, the strip of matter is divided into two columns on the page. The mass of type thus arranged as a page, is tied round tightly by strings, enabling the skillful compositor to handle it as a solid piece, — woe to him if he be unskillful, and the type falls into *pi*! — and he carries it to what are called imposing stones. Referring to our picture of the Composition Room, you will see tables extending down the centre of the room. They are very solid, having a large slab of stone for the top, upon which all the operations can be performed steadily. Upon one of these stones the pages are placed when thus made up, and arranged in the order they take when printed; and thus arranged, are held firm by an iron frame

without any bottom, called a chase, the pages of type being wedged securely in place by pieces of wood, so that the chase can be taken up carefully and carried to the printing-press. You notice what many of you never have seen, a line at the bottom, reading Vol. III.—No. 32. 22. Turn to page 353 of this same number, and see what there is there; and is there anything like it at the foot of other pages? This will be explained hereafter.

On the second page the compositor is obliged to introduce an illustration of a sun-spot. He has the wood-cut block given him, and inserts it exactly as if it were a great type, as indeed it is, the block being just the height of the type, and



Reading Proof.

the face of the block being raised just as the face of a letter is raised. He is obliged in this case to make the lines of one column of type shorter, because the block is broader than the column.

Now it becomes necessary to know if the right type have all been used, and if there are any errors made in setting up the matter. The compositor has not looked at the letter on a single type, while he has been setting up the page; he takes it for granted that the types are in their right boxes. Accordingly a page is carried to a press, where an impression on paper is taken, which looks like the page before the reader's eye, except that it has what appear to be lines of mourning inclosing it. These are caused by heavy *bearers*, or metal strips which frame the

page, rising a little above the face of the type, to protect the page when it comes to be electrotyped.

The page is now ready to be tested, to see if it is correct. It goes into the hands of the proof-readers, who, in our Press, have a number of little rooms just behind the Foreman's desk. This illustration shows a Reader and assistant at work. One of them is reading aloud the copy from which the compositor set the page; while the other, with eyes fixed upon the printed page, and pencil in hand, is correcting the mistakes. Let us stand at the door and listen. We will pretend that these are reading our page, though really the Magazine proof is read in another room. The lady reads:—

"When we contemplate the beauties of the natural world, we do not often realize what a wonderful object is the cap Sun, and how manifold are the kindly offices it constantly performs for us point. From an inconceivable distance in space it truly rules the earth, imparting to it light, heat, and other subtle influences, and rendering it a possible abode for countless"—At the word *countless*, the corrector's pencil comes down upon the paper, for he discovers that the compositor has spelled it *countless*, accidentally omitting the *t*. He puts a *caret* between *n* and *l* in the word, thus, *coun[^]less*, and on the margin of the paper, on a line with the word, he writes *t*; all corrections are made on the margin.

While we have been explaining this, the readers have been going on; and now we hear them,—

"estimated its distance at *figures* sixty-four thousand eight hundred eleven one half"—here the corrector discovers that the compositor had drawn from his box where $\frac{1}{2}$ is kept, a dagger † which had accidentally got into it,—"*fourth* of the distance to the *cap* Moon *ex*." The *ex*, you see, is short for exclamation point. The commas are not generally read except when there is an intricate passage requiring them. There happened to be very few corrections to make on this page. One was a *u* for an *n* in the word *Sun*, a very natural mistake to make; the *u* had got into the *n* box. To learn briefly how a corrected page looks, you need only look at the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, on page 1696, for a specimen.

This leads us to speak of the distribution of type. After the type of any matter has been used, it returns to the compositor who set it up, and he returns it to the different boxes from which he took it. It is a curious sight to see him do this. He will hold in his left hand a

quantity of the type matter resting upon a little brass rule in his hand, its face toward him; with his right hand he takes out as much as he can conveniently hold between the ball of his thumb and forefinger, reads in a twinkling the line he holds, and then darts type after type into its proper box; many of these boxes are only two inches square, and yet a good compositor rarely misses. One can see that this act of distributing type requires great practice, and, at the time, great fixedness of attention and quickness of action.

When the page is corrected, the compositor corrects the type, with the paper before him, using a sharp-pointed bodkin to pick out the wrong type, for his fingers could not manage these little pieces of lead. Once more the page is read, this time by one of the head proof-readers, who passes it over to the Editor, who also reads it, answering the queries that are made by the proof-readers, and accepting or rejecting corrections, perhaps discovering some errors which had escaped the others.

While we are upon this subject of reading proof, we will give an illustration from a familiar passage found in Scott's "Marmion," to show how proof-readers, who were very punctilious, might read. They would not be likely, however, to read thus, except in a work like a dictionary, for example, requiring very great accuracy, and the use of arbitrary distinctions:—

"Around *pos* gan Marmion wildly stare *colon dash quote* where *pos* s Harry Blount *inter* Fitz Eustace where *inter* Linger ye here *com* ye hearts of hare *ex* redeem my pennon *ex* charge again *ex* cry *com* single *quote* Marmion to the rescue *ex close single quote dash cap* vain *ex*."

Does not that sound inspiring? Who would not obey such a clarion cry as "Redeem my pennon *ex* charge again *ex* cry *com* single *quote* Marmion to the rescue *ex*"?

Now the final corrections are made in the type, and the form is ready to go to the foundry. But we have been so long over the first part, that we must defer an account of the stereotyping and electrotyping until next month.

GOOD LITTLE ALICE; OR, MINE? — NO. — AND MINE? — 'IS.

A DEAR little maiden, not three summers old,

Was playing about in the soft, sunny air:
From beneath the straight shaker peeped stray
locks of gold,

Blue eyes sweetly beaming, and cheeks that
were fair.

She wandered around through the grass and the
clover,

And buttercups bending before the light
breeze;

She lifted her hands to the trees hanging over,

Or touching the grasses, she dropped on her
knees.

And sitting there, drawing the grass through her
fingers,

And dreamingly watching the flight of the
bees,

One catches her eye, as he clingingly lingers

Around a bright blossom, to sip as he please.

She calls it his sipping, — the dear little crea-
ture!

Perhaps he is drinking his play cup of tea;

'Tis but little she knows of this wonderful
preacher

Of thrift and of prudence, — this wise "busy
bee."

He seems like an idler, that loves the bright
flowers,

And sips the sweet honey, and basks in the
sun;

She forgets he is toiling for cold, wintry hours:

To him it is labor; to her it is fun.

With mock queenly gesture she bids him begone!

She springs to her feet and she skips through
the grass,

She touches the blossom from which he has
flown,

And blossoms yet fairer, which honey-bees pass.

The fragrant and scentless, deep-colored and pale,
The lovely and brilliant, the flaunting and
sweet;

The border bounds all, with its broad, grassy rail,
Which checks with its barrier my dear baby's
feet.

She needs no such checking,—the good little
maid!

Though she's gleeful and happy,—half wild
in her speech,

She has learned joy is sweeter when law is
obeyed;

She has learned a sweet lesson I wish she
could teach.

She may trample the grasses and rove through
the clover,

And pluck the bright daisies that nod at her
mirth,

She may nestle 'mid buttercups bending above
her,

And strew with gold spangles the green, sunny
earth.

But the fair garden flowers good Alice must
leave;

She never must pluck them, for that would be
wrong;

To find them all withered and trampled, would
grieve

Dear mamma, who has loved them and watched
them so long.



So by flowers in the border she stands, one by
one,

Just touches them deftly with light fingers'
tips,

Or holds their frail stems with her finger and
thumb,

And wafts gentle kisses from soft, rosy lips.

Just so it was now, when the honey-bee drew
her,

She bent at each blossom, and shook her sweet
head;

No matter how tempting the glances they threw
her,

She breathed the rich fragrance, but "Mine?—
No,"—she said.

She passed the bright flowers that pleased her the
best,

Just looked at their beauty and shook her
sweet head;

No matter how softly or brilliantly dressed,
She breathed the rich fragrance, but "Mine?—
No,"—she said.

Then back to the buttercups, daisies, and clover, —

She handles these now in the same dainty way;
The shadowing shaker bends lovingly over,
And what is it now that the baby lips say?

She touches a clover as if 'twere forbidden,
And bows her head deeply, — perhaps for a
kiss, —

I cannot quite see, for her face is half hidden, —

But she breaks the stem quickly, while she lisps
a "Mine? — 'is!'"

She wanders around through the grass and the clover, —

My good little maid, with her dear, loving heart!

Her rich cup of joy always full, brimming over,

For of fruit that's forbidden she has the best part.

From field-flower to border contented she goes,
With her happy "Mine? — 'is," and her sweeter
"Mine? — No."

She gathers the clover, and leaves the rare rose,
Till I long, as I watch her, her secret to know.

She's not yet quite perfect, nor wise like her mother,

She's only a baby obedient and mild;

But she asks, every morning, her dear heavenly Father

To make her, this new day, His good little child.

TWO OF MY SQUIRRELS.

WHEN I was living on a farm in Southern Illinois, some thirty years ago, I took especial pride in the squirrel department of my menagerie. I called it a menagerie, because I had been an officer in the Menagerie Association of the Academy at H., when I was there at school. The animals were kept in a barn on the Principal's place, and the association was conducted by a Board of Managers elected by the members. Any boy belonging to the school might become a member by contributing some animal to the collection. Any contributor could reserve the privilege of taking care of his own animals, and taking them away when he left school.

Besides these, the Association had animals of its own. Sometimes, when a boy left school, he would make a present of his pets to the Association. Sometimes the Association would buy an animal or two, but not often, for the funds were almost always very low. Once a month, on Saturday afternoons, we gave an exhibition, — grown people ten cents, boys and girls half price.

The Principal took a great interest in the menagerie, settled all our disputes, and gave us a great deal of good advice. So when I went back to the farm, I set up a menagerie on my own account.

For at least two years I tried in vain to get a fox-squirrel for my collection. I had all the other species, and sometimes several of each; but

the fox-squirrel is so shy, and builds his nest in such inaccessible places, that I had pretty nearly given up the hope of getting one until I grew older, and able to cut down a large tree. I could easily have got some of the men, or large boys, to get a nest of young ones for me; but I took a great deal of pride in telling visitors that I had caught and tamed all my animals myself. At last, however, by an unexpected accident, I secured a fine, full-grown specimen. But before I tell you how it happened, perhaps I had better give a short description of the fox-squirrel for those who have always lived in the Northeastern States; for I never heard of one being seen in the wild state north of Pennsylvania or east of Ohio.

The fox-squirrel is a very king among the squirrels, being fully double the size of the common gray species, which he closely resembles in every respect, excepting size and color. In color the difference is that where the fur of the gray squirrel is white, that of his great cousin is a dusky red; and his throat, and the under part of his body, which, in the gray species, are pure white, are a delicate buff, or salmon color. His habits are also similar, with some slight peculiarities. He is extremely shy; and at the first glimpse of an intruder usually runs to his hole, or to a safe crotch in one of the topmost branches of a tree. Sometimes, however, he seems com-

pletely bewildered by fright or curiosity, and will remain perfectly still, lying flat upon a branch, and nothing short of an actual blow will make him move from his position. He also has the habit of creeping to the end of a slender bough, and lying there for hours, swinging in the wind. Many a time I have stood under one in this situation, shooting at him for an hour or more with my bow and arrows. It is rather difficult to hit a swinging object directly overhead, at the height of one hundred, and sometimes two hundred feet; but by patient perseverance, I was several times successful, although I never succeeded in bringing one down. All the squirrel tribe are very tenacious of life, and nothing but the paralyzing shock of a bullet, or large shot, will kill them instantly. On two occasions I shot one through and through the body, but in both cases he managed to drag himself to his hole. The fox-squirrel makes his nest in the largest trees he can find, in a hollow at a great height from the ground; and with all my efforts, I never found one in an accessible situation. And when I finally secured the specimen about which I am going to tell you, you will readily believe that I thought myself very fortunate.

I looked out one summer morning, and there, upon a small tree, close to the house, was a fine fox-squirrel. I saw at once that he was frightened, for he was lying flat upon a branch in the peculiar attitude which I had often seen; and he made no movement as I approached, but allowed me to come directly beneath him, although he was not more than twenty feet from the ground. Besides, I knew that some unusual alarm must have driven him to venture so far from the woods, which a fox-squirrel very rarely leaves; for our house stood in the prairie, about a quarter of a mile from the "timber," and the trees which stood around it were transplanted ones, and were small and scattered. I had very little hope of securing him alive; but nevertheless laid my plans carefully, thinking I might possibly succeed. I stationed my younger brother under the tree, with a large sack, giving him instructions to keep directly beneath me as I climbed, and to hold its mouth open. Then I began to cautiously climb the tree. It was quite a small one, not more than eight inches thick at the bottom, and the topmost boughs were only a little higher than the house. As I crept toward the squirrel, he began to become uneasy, and at length left his position, and went to the very top of the tree, where its trunk tapered out into a stem not bigger than a cane.

I climbed steadily upward, and the squirrel now lay motionless, closely hugging the stem of the tree. At length, I was near enough to touch him with my hand, but he still made no movement, staring at me sideways with one of his big black eyes. I looked below, and telling Charlie to hold the sack steady, I suddenly grasped the squirrel around the body, just behind the fore-legs. My idea was to hold him tight enough to make him helpless, for otherwise I knew I should be severely bitten. I had hardly touched him, however, when he turned his head around and seized my forefinger between his great jaws. I felt the set of his sharp, chisel-shaped teeth, against the bone, and in my pain I instinctively flung him downward,—not thinking at the instant about anything beyond getting my finger free from his teeth. Of course he missed the sack, but fortune was still in my favor. Seeing the house-door open, and bewildered still more by his fall, he ran directly in, and was easily captured by the help of a pillow. He was a fine male, quite young, evidently, but fully grown. At first he was very shy, and refused food, but in less than a week he was sitting fearlessly on my arm, eating corn as quietly as could be.

But the prettiest and most interesting of all my pets were my flying-squirrels. I had a good many of them at different times, and always found them very gentle, lively, and cunning little fellows. Perhaps some of the readers of the Magazine have never seen one, and would like to have a short description.

The flying-squirrel is about two thirds as large as the common ground-squirrel, and resembles it very much in form, but his body is somewhat shorter and plumper. His fur is long and thick, very fine and soft, and bluish-gray in color. The throat and under parts of the body are white. There is a good deal of variety, however, and I have seen specimens of a light fawn color. On each side of his body, just below the upper joint of the fore legs, the skin is extended into a broad membrane covered with fur like the body. This membrane is attached to the under side of both the fore and the hind legs, extending quite down to the paws. When the squirrel is running or climbing, these membranes lie so closely folded up against his sides, as scarcely to be noticed. But when his legs are stretched out sideways at full length, they spread out like the fore and aft sails of a vessel, between the boom and the gaff; forming, together with the under side of the body, a flat surface nearly as broad as it is long. When the squirrel wants to fly from one tree to

another, he runs up to a sufficient height, spreads his sails, and floats obliquely downward to the foot of the tree which he wishes to reach. The principle, you will readily understand, is the same which makes a kite rise through the air; the only difference being that the air presses upwards against the kite, and the squirrel presses downwards upon the air. Strictly speaking, therefore, the flying-squirrel does not "fly" at all. He floats, or slides upon the air, as boys "coast" down-hill on their sleds. But for short distances, where there are trees, the appendages I have described are almost as good as wings. When the squirrel wants to go to a considerable distance, he never runs upon the ground if he can avoid it, but climbs to the top of a tree, flies to the foot of the furthest one he can reach, climbs to its top in turn, and so on, repeatedly. His instinct for this habit is so strong, that he will run up a tree and fly, rather than run even half a dozen yards upon the ground. I used frequently to amuse myself with my squirrels by putting them upon the ground and running away to a short distance. Almost invariably, if there was a tree anywhere near, even in the opposite direction, they would run to it and fly down to me, instead of following upon the ground.

Flying-squirrels are not difficult to obtain and to manage. Their nests are sometimes made in a hollow limb only a few feet from the ground, and often also in the hollow stump of a dead tree. I used to find them by striking the tree or stump with the head of an axe. If there are squirrels in it, the old ones will run out of their hole, startled by the concussion and the noise. Then all I had to do was to climb up to the hole or cut down the tree, whichever was the most convenient, and secure the young ones. Usually I used to climb the tree. The first one I ever caught became the most familiar of all that I ever had, and seemed to thrive the best. I suppose one reason was that I took more pains with him; but another, perhaps, was that he was caught at exactly the right age. A great deal depends upon this in domesticating all kinds of wild animals. If taken from the wild state too young, they pine away, and grow up feeble and stunted; if too old, they seldom lose their native shyness and love of freedom. And under any circumstances, it is very seldom that any of the squirrel tribe can be so thoroughly domesticated as to stay about the house longer than a year or two, unless confined in a cage. I tried the experiment with a great many, but they invariably ran off to the woods after being at liberty a few weeks.

The squirrel about which I am going to tell you was caught when he was about two thirds grown. I had several times noticed the two parent squirrels on a small tree, in which was a hole at the junction of two limbs, and concluded that their nest was there. I waited until the proper time (which is about the middle of May), and one day climbed up to the hole. The two old ones escaped before I reached it, which I did not mind, for I cared nothing about them. I put my hand into the hole, and found a ball of soft dried grass at the bottom of it, with something alive, and very active, inside. I pulled it out, and as I did so, four or five young ones escaped, and began to scamper away in different directions about the tree. I seized one of them, and although his sharp little teeth pierced my finger like needles, I held him fast, for I knew he had not the power to wound me very severely. Before descending the tree, I transferred him to my handkerchief, in which I tied him securely, and placed him safely in my jacket-pocket. He was very shy and fretful for a day or two, but took his meals freely from the first, and in a few days became very playful and familiar. After the first four or five weeks it was not necessary even to keep him in his cage. He was allowed to run at liberty about the house and out-of-doors; although he never ventured more than a few yards outside. He disliked the light, and in the day-time was sluggish, and slept a great part of the time; but on dark days, and in the evening, was extremely lively, and full of playful tricks. One of his favorite tricks was to climb to the top of the door, or window casings, or picture-frames, and fly down upon my head, where he would scuffle a second or two among the hair, and then fly off with a shrill, twittering squeak. If any one of the family was reading, he was pretty certain to notice it, and to fly down upon the book, and settle himself comfortably in the angle formed as it was held open. His favorite position was the top corner of a door between the dining-room and sitting-room, which usually stood open. Here he would sit for hours at a time, watching the movements of the family. He was extremely fond of sugar, and seldom failed to take his position on the door the moment he saw the preparations begun for setting the tea-table. The instant the cover was taken from the sugar-bowl, he would fly down upon my mother's shoulder, and then upon the table, and help himself without ceremony.

As the cool weather came on in the autumn, his native instinct began to show itself in his

anxiety to lay up provisions for the winter. He would work for hours at a time in making hoards in various places about the house of nuts, corn, pumpkin seeds, or anything of the sort that he could find. One night he employed himself in filling my pantaloons' pocket with sweet corn, which he brought laboriously, one grain at a time, from a pile in the garret, which had been stored away there for seed. In the morning I found the pocket nearly full, and master squirrel comfortably folded up in a ball on top of it. He was very indignant, I remember, when he found he had had his night's work for nothing. He was a very pugnacious little fellow, notwithstanding his gentleness, and would bite most fiercely and painfully, if teased or handled roughly. He had a most violent antipathy to mice; and if he caught sight of one about the house, would chase it, with amusing exhibitions of hatred. On two or three occasions, an old male mouse ventured to show fight, but his rashness cost him his life

in a few seconds. He was very sensitive to cold, and during the winter was fond of creeping up the sleeve, or inside the vest, or into the pockets of any one with whom he felt well acquainted. For several weeks at one time he made his home in my jacket-pocket, in which he lay quiet during the day; and in the evening would come out and play his pranks as usual about the house. When the warm spring weather came on, he began to abandon his quiet, domestic habits, and became a very wayward and dissipated squirrel. He was frequently gone from the house all night, but until quite late in the spring always returned in the early morning. Whether he was beguiled by the attraction of some young lady squirrel, whom he may have met in his nocturnal rambles; or whether some assassin of an owl or a cat took advantage of his inexperience, I cannot tell. At any rate, one morning he did not return, and I never saw him again. Has any one seen him?

AFTER DINNER.

FOR the convenience of such of our readers as live within the belt of country referred to on the fourth page of this number, where will be witnessed on the 7th instant the total eclipse of the sun, we give a short description of the phenomena to be expected. Perhaps some may have sufficient presence of mind to make brief notes of what they see. If so, we shall be happy to receive the results of such observations for comparison, and possible publication in a future number. As regards the appearances under the heads 3 and 5, a spy-glass, or small telescope will be necessary, to reveal them to satisfaction.

1. When the sun is more than three fourths hidden by the dark disk of the moon, a perceptible gloom is thrown on all the landscape around. Soon after, the sky appears to descend; the horizon to contract; the temperature of the air falls; birds cease their singing; flowers close; an unearthly greenish and reddish light is imparted to portions of the sky; a sudden darkness ensues, and everything wears a mysterious and gloomy aspect.

2. Immediately before the last trace of the sun's disk disappears, the awful shadow of the moon in the air may be detected rapidly approaching from the west, like a dark column or a sombre cloud. To witness this impressive sight care must be exercised, lest in the excitement of the moment the swiftly approaching shadow be unheeded.

3. The last thread of light from the sun's disk sometimes appears to separate into little grains or

beads, before its total disappearance. This phenomenon has received the name of "Baily's Beads," from the noted astronomer who first witnessed it.

4. Instantly on the extinction of the sun, will be seen the grandest feature of the eclipse, — the *Corona*, or crown of light, issuing on all sides apparently from the purple-black disk of the moon, though in reality from the sun. It is the atmosphere of the sun rendered visible by the absence of the overpowering sunlight. As the light is dazzlingly white, a piece of smoked glass will enable you to survey it without the inconvenience which might otherwise arise.

5. In the corona, and issuing also apparently from the dark moon, there will appear several rose colored flames projecting beyond the gloomy disk, perhaps a tenth of the diameter of the moon. They, too, belong to the sun, and are demonstrated by the spectroscopic to be *incandescent hydrogen*. With every eclipse they vary in size, number, shape, position, and depth of color.

6. Planets and large stars are often noted during total eclipses, by those who have previously studied their positions on a celestial map. As the darkness hardly exceeds that of a moonlight night, they are not always readily found in the two or three minutes of gloom that attend the entire obscuration of the sun. By a little study of the map at the commencement of this number, one may be able to recognize the most conspicuous planets and stars that will be visible.

When the sun reappears, the phenomenon of Bailey's Beads should be again looked for, — this time on the right side of the moon's disk. The awful shadow will afterwards be seen sailing rapidly away in the air to the eastward. Then follow the changes of color in the sky and landscape, the rising of the thermometer, and general awaking of nature, and the wonderful exhibition is over.

To come down from the sun to candle light is rather a relief, and perhaps it would be still pleasanter not to light the candles at all, but to sit in the twilight on the piazza, and before playing the game, hear how the Newton family and friends played —

POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE.

As the hall door closed upon us, the change from the frosty autumn air to the house warmth was delightful. The dozen or so who were there before us, were familiar friends. The year previous, when Mrs. Wilton's young people were invited to join a "sociable," she declined for them unless, in accordance with the sensible custom under which she was educated (she was an English lady), she could be invited too. There were some who objected to that, not because she wasn't a very charming lady, but she was so much older than they were, they thought it would be "poky," which is "jargon" for stiff and dull. The result was a "schism," and the seceders, including three or four other families and ourselves, had every week a charming evening of music, conversation, and games. Our seniors developed so much latent liveliness, and revealed so much freshness of feeling and so much sympathy with our gayety that we felt our enjoyment doubled by their presence. At the same time, it checked the folly or boisterous frolic, which, recalled in the quiet of home, under the disenchanting influence of daylight and "sober second thoughts," is too apt to bring up the torturing phantoms of Humiliation and Regret.

When we entered, the others were very much interested in a new engraving that Mrs. Wilton had brought out. There were the gloomy castle walls, the rough pavement on whose stones, beneath the prison window, knelt a courtly figure, with bowed, uncovered head. Above, through the grating, two hands were extended in benediction. A guard, with lances, was standing a little aloof.

"Lord Strafford," said Mary Eliot, glancing at the inscription. "What is the incident it illustrates, Mrs. Wilton?"

"It is the Earl of Strafford on his way to execution. Willie, won't you hand me the fifth volume of Hume. My brother brought me the picture yesterday, and last evening we hunted till we found the account. Will you please read it, Mr. Newton?" offering him the open book, from which he read the following passage: —

"Strafford, in passing from his apartment to Tower Hill, where the scaffold was erected, stopped under

Laud's window, with whom he had long lived in intimate friendship, and entreated the assistance of his prayers in those awful moments which were approaching. The aged primate dissolved in tears; and having pronounced, with a broken voice, a tender blessing on his departing friend, sunk into the arms of his attendants. Strafford, still superior to his fate, moved on with an elated countenance and with an air even of greater dignity than what usually attended him. Having bid a last adieu to his brother and friends who attended him, and having sent a blessing to his nearer relations who were absent, 'Now,' said he, 'I have nigh done! One stroke will make my wife a widow, my dear children fatherless. But let God be to you and them all in all.' Thus perished, in the 49th year of his age, the Earl of Strafford, one of the most eminent personages that has appeared in England."

The tragic story was received in silence and the picture studied with grave interest till Mark exclaimed, "O don't be so sober!"

Mrs. Clifford answered him with a vivacious nod. "We've brought a new game to-night," she said. "Mr. Clifford will show you how to play it."

"It is called Positive and Comparative" he explained. "The speaker must select two *nouns*, the second of which shall have the *sound* of 'er' added, as, 'show, shore'; '(k)night, nitre.' Without announcing them he must describe or define them, and whenever any of the listeners think they have detected the word, they must either ask questions, or make remarks that will reveal their surmise to the speaker, taking care not to mention the words themselves, till it is evident that most of the players have detected them. For example" (and here each one unconsciously settled into some favorite attitude for thinking): "My positive has a way of pushing through the world; it is old-fashioned, dignified, and stiff, and goes 'bobbing around.' My comparative is the great desire of invalids. My positive is addicted to balls, and when you get the idea contained in this play you will have my positive. My comparative is the maintenance of druggists and the clergyman's spiritual hope for his flock; and so precious is my comparative that no one needing it will hesitate to expend enormous sums for it. My positive is taken in hand by grumblers, ladies, clergymen, artists, and artisans. It takes money from the pocket and also puts something else in. It is found in racks, and is often attached to wigs. My positive is always a follower of men, while my comparative is oftener sought than obtained. Every good positive has a leather head, powdered with chalk. The search for my comparative has founded halls of fashionable resort. Every Chinaman possesses my positive, or if he doesn't he's wretched."

"O," interrupted Mark, springing from his chair, "I've got the 'cue.' When Mother went to Brattleboro' last summer, she boarded at your comparative, didn't she?"

"Yes, I believe I did, Mark, and I hope I found your comparative, Mr. Clifford; didn't I?"

"I hope so, madam. You certainly are much better. Will you give us a word?"

"No, I thank you, I'd rather be excused. I think Matthew will do better than I would."

Matthew pondered full five minutes. Then he said, "My positive may signify regret, content, wretchedness, or joy. My comparative is an honorary title. It is lachrymose and plaintive. My positive is a great favorite with those ecstatic souls to whom 'two are company and three are none,' and is indispensable to love-lorn maidens. Sometimes, though very incorrectly, it receives the same name as an agricultural implement. Though invisible and impalpable, it can be heaved. My comparative is the author of my positive, and without my comparative my positive could not be, and yet my positive is never seen by my comparative. My positive is as 'soft as summer evenings be,' and is poetically associated with zephyrs. My comparative is the father of us all."

"Does 'the south wind searching for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,' make use of your positive to express his regret for their decay?"

"He does."

"And was 'Little Sallie Warner sitting in the sun' your lachrymose and plaintive comparative?"

"She was," said Matthew, emphatically.

"My comparative is slightly bald, wears spectacles, very often has a package of candy or a pocket full of nuts for us, and would be very much astonished if I were to call him 'Sire,'" exclaimed Miss Ashley.

"That I should," said her father. "Now, Nellie, you must give us one."

Instantly the dimples were chased from the glowing face and a very serious, contemplative expression followed. After a little reflection she said, "I'll try. My positive is negative. It is dreaded and coveted by any aspirants for any position or honor. My comparative is a noun of multitude and a sailor. My positive is easily acquired by foreigners and children. My comparative existed at a time when there was little competition among sailing craft. That's right, isn't it? I don't know much about nautical terms. My positive is fatal to a lover's hopes and when my positive is positive no expectation can survive it. My comparative is a distinguished ship-builder."

"Who sailed 'o'er waters dark,' and is usually associated with a dove, isn't he, Nellie?"

"But I don't see how you make it a noun of multitude."

"Grammatically, it isn't, but I referred to the numbers who have had the name of Noah."

"O—yes!" said Mark, in an absent-minded fashion. "Noah,—no. Why, yes."

"Father, you must give us one now," said Ellen. Mr. Ashley, broad and jovial, braced himself in his arm-chair, and nothing loth to tax the wits of the company, commenced:—

"My comparative carried my comparative, which had been brought from one positive to another. My comparative was cleared before it was put in a vessel; that done, it was taken to a positive, put into another vessel, and again cleared. My comparative being fond of my comparative, when he had reached his destination, refreshed himself with my comparative. The employer of my comparative at the same time indulged in my positive. My positive is sublime,—of a ruddy hue, and very much given to the bottle; and yet the use of the bottle, and of my positive, is contrary to the religion of my positive, and the use of my comparative he conscientiously avoids."

"There is great dignity in my positive, and immense size. It is subject to slips, and has many keys (quays), but none of them fit a lock. My comparative is sometimes stout, sometimes mild, but always strong. It may be white or black, but is certain to be brown as umber. When visiting the Continent, the first place you enter is my positive, and one of your earliest needs is my comparative. My positive is found in your carriage. My comparative may often be seen in a glass. Come, Mark," said Mr. Ashley, looking with great complacency at his perplexed auditors, "get your 'cue' again."

"I can't, Mr. Ashley. I'm as bewildered as though I'd been tossed in a sheet."

"I believe I have a glimmer of light," said Mrs. Wilton. "Is your positive of Portuguese origin, and your comparative of English extraction?"

"Yes, they are."

"I imagine," said Miriam, "that the Turkish government knows more about the sublimity of your positive, than any other people."

"I hadn't realized there were so many significations to 'port and porter,' said Mrs. Newton. "Certainly, just now I can sympathize with the bewilderment of poor foreigners at the intricacies of our language. I'm sure, from your expression, Mrs. Clifford, that you have something for us."

"Yes, a word has just flashed into my mind. My positive is formless, full of beauty, musical, slow, rapid, a terrible power, a gentle influence. My comparative is sought with great avidity by men in public life, is essential to dancers, and is an infant's delight. My positive illustrates the poetry of motion. My comparative is found in the most wretched hovel, and yet large sums of money, and great efforts, are lavished in attaining it. Poetry and music would lose their charm without my positive, and no granary would be secure without my comparative. My positive adds beauty to the maiden's locks, and grace to the dress of the matron. To cause a positive of milk on the comparative of the dairy, would excite the ire of the dairy-maid; while such a positive on the part of the cow would be very satisfactory to her. A ship without my comparative would never go to sea, and a bridge without it would be useless. It is the home of many families; and usually (in cities especially) there are several under one roof."

"Several of which, — your comparative, or families?"

"Both."

"Don't carpenters think your comparative is best, when made of narrow planks?"

"Yes, they do."

"I think," said Mrs. Newton, "that when Mark was a baby, he gave me a great deal of anxiety by picking up pins, and other indigestible articles from your comparative, and putting them in his mouth, and there was a very pitiful positive of tears when he was obliged to give them up."

This allusion to his infantile days, was received by Mark with ill-concealed disfavor.

"It's my opinion," said Mr. Ahley, "that any one, to play this game well, needs a positive both of ideas and language."

"Ellen," said Mrs. Clifford, motioning her to the open piano, "I think you can very aptly close the game, and illustrate my positive with my favorite, 'Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea.'"

The song was followed by some lively choruses, given "*forte fortissimo*."



What queer bird is here?

CHARADE.

A GOOD old Saxon word I stand,
That tells of hope and longing;
The exile on a foreign strand,
The sailor sighing for the land,
Or lover for a maiden's hand,
I fill with fancies thronging.

Now take my letter last away,
And lo! a measure rounded,
Of rain and sun, of work and play,
Of joy and sorrow, day by day,
The winter winds, the sun of May,
Within my compass bounded.

Again curtail me, and I show
Among our words the neatest;

Ye lovers all at once will know
The word demure that's whispered low
When you entreat its gentle flow;
For you it is the sweetest.

Once more the process same repeat,
You'll find that I am ready.
For exhortation now I'm meet
When several you wish to greet;
Our fathers thought my usage neat,
But custom is unsteady.

Take now my whole again and try
Your fortune at beheading;
You'll find a weary work to lie
Before you, what we all would fly,
But yet what most must do or die,
While on this earth we're treading.

Curtail again : I change again,
A tender organ showing,
That takes impressions to the brain,

Sometimes of joy, more oft of pain.
But now I'm sure my meaning's plain,
And all my words you're knowing.



How many goose-heads are here?

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 9, 6, 11, 7, 13, is one of the United States.

My 6, 7, 7, is a cape on the Atlantic coast of the United States.

My 3, 10, 6, 11, 7, is a country in Europe.

My 10, 6, 7, 6, 9, 6, is a celebrated isthmus.

My 8, 12, 5, 13, is a lake in the northern part of the United States.

My 9, 11, 3, 4, 5, 4, 3, 11, 10, 10, 5, is a river in the United States.

My 10, 8, 12, 4, 11, 6, 7, is a gulf in Asia.

My 10, 8, 1, 2, is a country in South America.

My 10, 6, 12, 5, 3, is a large city in Europe.

My whole is a country in the Eastern Hemisphere.

2. I am composed of ten letters.

My 2, 5, 6, is an animal.

My 10, 8, 4, is an article of clothing.

My 2, 8, 7, 1, is a musical instrument.

My 1, 5, 9, is a kind of corn.

My 6, 8, 6, is an implement.

My 9, 3, 7, 4, is a kind of wine.

My 10, 3, 4, is not cold.

My 4, 2, 5, 7, 9, is a boy's name.

My 1, 8, 7, 8, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, is a division.

My 6, 8, 1, is used by a river.

My whole is taken from me before I get it.

J. B. G.

3. My whole is the name of a person residing in Iowa, and it contains ten letters.

My 6, 2, 10, is a color.

My 1, 2, 10, is a bird.

My 3, 9, 8, 10, is a girl's name.

My 6, 9, 8, 4, is not covered.

My 8, 2, 7, is a piece of cloth.

My 5, 2, 3, 4, is the same.

My 1, 4, 5, 5, 4, is a boy's name.

My 7, 8, 2, 5, 5, is a vegetable.

My 6, 4, 4, 8, is what Dutchmen like.

My 3, 9, 10, is one of the spring months.

J. B. G.

4. I am a city, and am composed of nine letters.

My 8, 2, 9, is a quadruped.

My 1, 7, 7, 8, is an entrance.

My 9, 4, 5, is a number.

My 6, 2, 5, is a dish.

My 6, 4, 5, is in my hand.

My 1, 4, 5, is a hiding-place.

My 2, 5, 9, is an insect.

My 7, 6, 4, 8, 2, 9, 7, 8, stays in the telegraph office.

My 9, 7, 6, where the lid is.

My 3, 7, 9, 4, is what men do.

My 4, 3, 4, 5, comes about 6½ o'clock.

My 8, 7, 6, 4, stretches.

My 1, 2, 9, 4, is a kind of fruit.

J. B. G.

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TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY GEORGE C. LAMB DIN.